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Memories of A. E. Housman

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

OF the early years of an eldest brother, six years my senior, I know little except on hearsay from himself and others. In a brief autobiographical note, which he supplied to a French translator of some of his poems, he gave the following account of himself:

> I was born in Worcestershire, not Shropshire, where I have never spent much time. My father and mother were respectively Lancashire and Cornish. I had a sentimental feeling for Shropshire because its hills were our western horizon. My topographical details—Hughley, Abdon-under-Clee, etc., are sometimes quite wrong: but I know Ludlow and Wenlock.
>
> I took an interest in astronomy almost as early as I can remember: the cause, I think, was a little book we had in the house.
>
> I was brought up in the Church of England and in the High Church party, which is much the best religion I have ever come across. But Lemprière's "Classical Dictionary," read when I was eight, made me prefer paganism to Christianity; I abandoned Christianity at thirteen, and became an atheist at twenty-one.
>
> I never had any scientific education. I wrote verse at eight or earlier, but very little until I was thirty-five.

That last statement needs qualification. He had a great facility for verse-writing, and not only wrote poems of a serious character but was prolific in *vers d'occasion*. In early years his compositions so much exceeded his own use for them, that he sometimes palmed them off on others, and my first sonnet, written when I was about six and before I knew what constituted a sonnet, was dragged out of me, or squeezed into me, by a process of hypnotic suggestion which left me entirely convinced at the time that the poem was mine, though I know better now.

Under his leadership, in a family of seven, we all wrote poems, even the unpoetic ones: lyrics, ballads, sonnets, narrative poems, nonsense-rhymes, and compositions to which each contributed a verse (not always in the same metre) occupied almost as much of our playtime as the more active games of childhood, in which also, as often as not, he led and we followed.

A. E. HOUSMAN
Drawing by Rothenstein, from "Twenty-four Portraits."

His early education was first under a governess, then at a small dame-school, where a slipper was the regular instrument used for corporal punishment; at the age of eleven he was elected to a Foundation Scholarship at Bromsgrove School, where he remained to the end of his school-days.

Having gained an open scholarship at St. John's College, Oxford, in 1877, he went up in the autumn of that year. There was no particular reason, except the need for a good scholarship, why that college should have been chosen. Unfortunately there were parental reasons against two others which might have suited him better. His father would not allow him to try for a Balliol Scholarship from disapproval of the theological views of Dr. Jowett, the Master; Cambridge was ruled out unless he could obtain a scholarship at the college (St. John's) where uncles and grandparents had graduated, and where one had become Dean.

It is probable that Cambridge, with its Classical Tripos, would have opened for him a better course of study than Oxford, where after gaining a First in "Moderations" in 1879, he failed in "Greats" two years later—so bringing his university career to a catastrophic end, which, for the time at any rate, destroyed all chance of a scholastic appointment at Oxford or Cambridge, and compelled him to accept as an alternative the uncongenial work of a civil servant in H. M. Patent Office, where he remained for ten years.

An explanation of his failure in "Greats" has recently been given by one of his friends and contemporaries at Oxford. Finding himself unable to deal to his full, honest satisfaction with certain of the set papers, he gave no answers at all, thus, as he himself declared, leaving the examiners no alternative to the course they took. But to the best of my recollection, for home consumption (where the disappointment was naturally very great) he gave no explanation at all.

On leaving Oxford he remained a member of the University, and having in a subsequent year passed the necessary examination, took his B.A. and his M.A. together in 1892, when, on the strength of the reputation which he had built up for himself, by his classical contributions to the learned journals, he was appointed Professor of Latin at University College, London.

In the autobiographical note from which I have already quoted, "Oxford" wrote Alfred, "had not much effect upon me, except that I there met my greatest friend." A statement which can hardly be as true as he would have liked it to be; since this, at any rate, can be said for certain—he came back from Oxford a changed character. It was probably the blow of his failure which caused him

Next Week

THE ANATOMY OF FRUSTRATION
By H. G. WELLS
Reviewed by Elmer Davis

MOSCOW SKIES
By MAURICE HINDUS
Reviewed by Kathleen Barnes

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from that time on to withdraw so completely into himself, and he became a silent and impenetrable recluse in the midst of his own family, during the year which elapsed before he left home to take up his Civil Service appointment in London. Up to the beginning of his university career he had been our social and intellectual leader, the inventor of our games, the composer and producer of our plays (impromptus devised only on the day of their performance), the editor and chief contributor to our *Family Magazine*, and the instigator of all our attempts in prose and poetry. When he came back, and for a good many years afterwards, we ceased to know him—mainly, if not entirely, because he was determined not to be known. If sympathy was what he feared to receive on his return from Oxford, he took the best means to deprive himself of it; and only very occasionally at first, and then gradually as the years went on, did he allow a breaking-down of the barrier.

But in those first years while up at Oxford, his correspondence with members of the family was lively and amusing; and during vacation there was no diminution of his social affability. It must have been during those intervals of college life that he delighted us with some of his best pieces of nonsense-verse. Our evening diversions, almost as long as I can remember, had often been of a semi-literary character. One of these was the writing of short poems, containing a collection of nouns, each member of the company supplying one. Here is a sample of the sort of thing which Alfred was able to turn out in the course of fifteen or twenty minutes. The nouns were: hat, novel, banker, cucumber, yacht, and abridgment. Obviously the last was the crux; and this is how Alfred tackled it:

At the door of my own little hovel,
Reading a novel I sat;
And as I was reading the novel
A gnat flew away with my hat.
As fast as a fraudulent banker
Away with my hat it fled,
And calmly came to an anchor
In the midst of the cucumber-bed.

I went and purchased a yacht,
And traversed the garden-tank,
And I gave it that insect hot
When I got to the other bank;
Of its life I made an abridgment
By squeezing it somewhat flat,
And I cannot think what that midge meant
By flying away with my hat.

One Christmas (1879, I think), we attempted something more ambitious, which produced a memorable result. Each wrote a story, and on Christmas Eve, or thereabouts, the stories were read out to the assembled family. Alfred's contribution was a domestic sketch in verse and prose entitled "A Morning with the Royal Family," the opening sentence of which ran: "'Pigs on the front lawn!' cried the King, 'Lend me a cannon, somebody!' Nobody lent him a cannon, so seizing a tea-spoon from the breakfast-table he rushed from the apartment." The whole story—the only complete work of fiction, I think, which he ever produced—was published a year or two later, without his permission, in the school magazine, of which at that time another brother was editor: and it has remained ever since a prized but rather private family possession, republication having been strictly forbidden by the author.

While at University College, Alfred contributed occasional nonsense-rhymes to the *College Magazine*, three of which (though not his best) he allowed to be privately reprinted in 1935. He also gave, about once a year, a written paper on one of the British poets, before the College Literary Society; his chosen poets were: Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Burns, Campbell, Erasmus Darwin, Swinburne, and "The Spasmodic School." He was only quite kind to two of them—Matthew Arnold, and Campbell; all the others were subjected to varying degrees of satirical criticism—so severe, in the case of Burns, that a Scottish professor, rising in wrath, declared he would never forgive the lecturer for what he had said of him. It would be unkind on my part to excite the interest of my readers any further in material which I am under orders to destroy. These papers have to share the fate of a very much better one—the Inaugural Lecture which my brother gave on his appointment, in 1911, to the Kennedy Professorship of Latin at Cambridge University, and which he would not allow to be published because of his inability to retrace his authority for a statement which he had made concerning a Shelley MS; as to which later investigation has gone rather against him.

In the autobiographical note from which I have already quoted, Alfred writes of his years in London as follows:

> While I was at the Patent Office I read a great deal of Greek and Latin at the British Museum of an evening. While at University College, which is not residential, I lived alone in lodgings in the environs of London.
>
> "A Shropshire Lad" was written in Byron Cottage, 17 North Road, Highgate, where I lived from 1886 to 1905.
>
> "A Shropshire Lad" was offered to Macmillan, and declined by them on the advice, I have been told, of Mr. John Morley, who was their reader. Then a friend introduced me to Kegan Paul; but the book was published at my own expense.

(*Continued on page* 15)

Divine Discontent

By FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON

IS it enough that the trees should hold
In their leafy towers the lightfoot wind?
Is it enough that time is told
By a silver lake with a face of glass
Where the sun marks time with shadow hands?
Four o'clock and four o'clock.
The dandelions, no longer gold,
Are blowing away in a starry fluff.
The lizard lies on the ancient stone.
The sun is warm on the ancient air.
The world is old; the world is fair.
The world is fair; the world is old.

Chorus of locusts; hum of bees.
The bees and the locusts have their way.
The bees leave honey, the locusts shells.
But both have flown and both have been,
And being is enough.

The trees have roots; the roots have rain.
But what are roots to such as I
Who love not the roots but the light tree tops,
Who long for the back, not the face of the sky,
The unassailed and ineffable high?

Life is a whimsy that runs away
Through the walls of the world and will not stay.
The moving river wears the rock.
Time is a vapor, a vanishing stuff;
Steam of the sun that soon must pass.
The past is a key that fits no lock.
Everything goes and nothing stops.
And nothing is enough.

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Flood, Drought, and Waste

RICH LAND POOR LAND. By Stuart Chase. New York: Whittlesey House. 1936. $2.50.

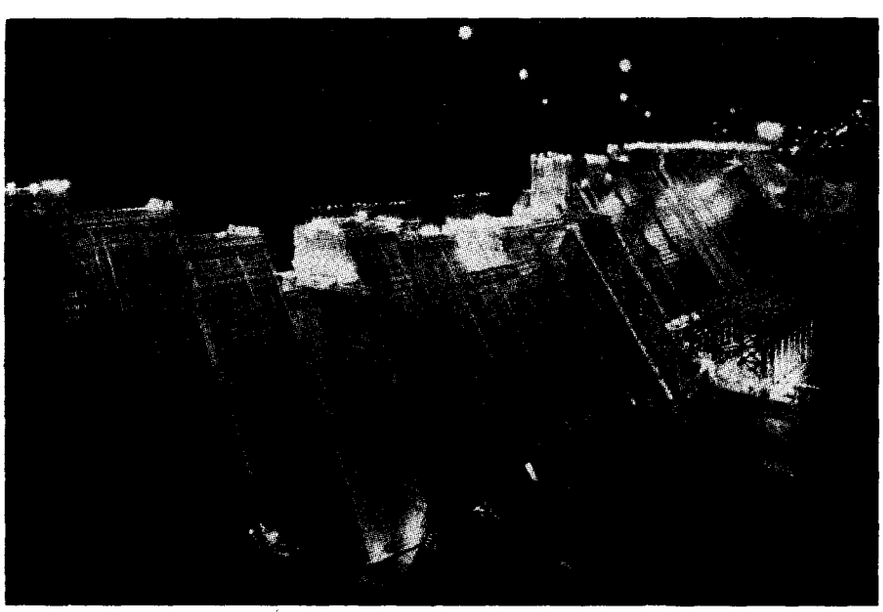
Reviewed by H. S. PERSON

THE works of Stuart Chase belong essentially to the field of economics, but they are not treatises on economics as an abstract science. They are concerned with the economic significance of habits, customs, and institutions in the field where economics, politics, government, and business overlap, as is instanced by his earliest work, "The Tragedy of Waste," and one of the most recent, "The Economy of Abundance." "Rich Land Poor Land" differs considerably from the others in that it interprets for the layman the social significance of certain habits and institutions in the light of pertinent physical sciences—geology, hydrology, agronomy, and especially ecology. The main theme is the waste of physical resources and the disaster threatened thereby to the economic and cultural life of the United States.

Some seventy years ago George P. Marsh (philologist, diplomatist, and politician, but an omnivorous reader in many languages whose mind seemed to retain every item of information that ever came to him) wrote a work on the earth as modified by human action. He raised the question whether the United States would be a permanent country. He had noticed that it presented a combination of climatic, topographic, soil, and agricultural factors similar to that presented by other countries, once opulent and magnificent, but now stripped of their fertile soils and buried in the dust of destructive exploitation of resources. "Nature," he said, "has provided against the absolute destruction of her elementary matter, . . . but she has left it within the power of man irreparably to derange the combination of inorganic matter and organic life, which through the night of æons she had been proportioning and balancing to prepare the earth for his habitation. . . ."

To his question and its implication no attention was given. Was not the United States a vast area of unlimited resources? Appropriation and exploitation proceeded with increasing intensity. Agricultural and forestry practices developed in accordance with immediate individual interests and without thought of collective and ultimate individual interests. The emergence of a conservation movement under the influence of Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot did not affect the trend.

Within the past three or four years the question has again come to the fore, and this time the people of the United States have had to give attention. They could not ignore the destruction of basic resources by water and wind erosion caused by the practices of men; the dramatic and tragic dust storms of 1934 and 1936. The Soil Conservation Service and the Forestry Service of the Federal Government were strengthened; the Mississippi Valley Committee, the National Resources Committee, and the Great Plains Drought Area Committee were appointed to study and report on the conservation of soils, waters, and minerals, and in general on adjustment to nature's basic conditions. The files of years of observation and experiment were brought out and analyzed. Such basic sciences as geology and hydrology were brought to focus on the problem.



NORRIS DAM AT NIGHT
Photo by Charles Krutch, from "Rich Land Poor Land."

In "Rich Land Poor Land" the author has taken these data and reports and made a fascinating story of waste in all the basic resources of the United States, and what we—all of us as citizens, not merely farmers, foresters, and miners—can and should do about the matter. It is written in the characteristic Chase style—simple, dramatic, with a flow that carries the reader along in the manner of one of the floods which it discusses. The format reinforces the author's treatment. It is an innovation among books designed for adults. The end paper design, the drawings, and the schematic maps by Henry Billings, and also the photographic illustrations, attract and hold attention and add to the notably clear exposition of the author.

The test of merit, however, is not style or format, but content, and especially the accuracy of scientific references. This is a severe test in a work of interpretation. Scientists themselves make few generalizations without a sequence of ifs and buts. On many points scientists are not in agreement among themselves. However, he who writes for laymen must present definite generalizations and do so simply and without confusing qualifications. He must not make an error in detail that would seriously mislead. Especially his composite picture must bring a correct understanding of the problem, and point to a rational solution. "Rich Land Poor Land" meets these tests.

H. S. Person is Consulting Economist of the Rural Electrification Administration at Washington.

The Fighting Moros of the Philippines

SWISH OF THE KRIS. By Vic Hurley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by VICTOR HEISER, M.D.

THIS new volume by the author of "Southeast of Zamboanga" is primarily a history of the Moro fighting, a collection of facts garnered over seven years. It is too technical for the general reader, not technical enough for the military man. Even the detailed accounts of the engagements which gained General Pershing his promotion from captain to brigadier-general and the description of General Wood's great victory at Bagsak are not so interesting as they should be. A bare recital of events lacks that interpretation which makes for drama. The author has found the story dramatic (as it is) but is unable to convey this feeling.

Mr. Hurley makes heroes of the Moros, as though being fierce and warlike, able to forge ahead with lead-filled bodies, were prime virtues. He ignores the fact that any neighboring country had to attempt some control or else be subject to constant piratical raids of the most unpleasant sort. He stresses the bravery, ad-

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mitting himself that murder and rapine are divertissements for the Moros and treachery is an important word in their lexicon.

The Moros have held their lands for over a thousand years against all invaders. Spain, says Mr. Hurley, was unable to subdue them in three hundred years, although in my opinion, with the superior arms and intelligence at their command, and in spite of malaria, their equally deadly foe, the Spanish could have won had it ever seemed sufficiently important.

As Director of Health of the Philippines I had long opportunity to observe the pacification of the Moros both by the Krag and by the ways of peace. They finally acknowledged the sovereignty of the United States but retained their hatred of the Filipinos. In 1910 I was in the great hall at Zamboanga when Taft's Secretary of War, Jacob M. Dickinson, met the inhabitants of Mindanao. The hall was divided into sections. The Moros, dressed in their most colorful costumes, were the more numerous. I remember vividly how one datu shook his clenched fists toward the Filipinos across the way, and shouted, "I am on old man but if we were given over to the Filipinos I would still fight."

This book dismisses the remarkable achievements of our Governor Frank W. Carpenter in one sentence, "The Moros made great strides under the governorship of this most able man." Nowhere is there mention of the fact that Carpenter, when he took office in 1913, found the Moros, after a decade of American rule, still unreconciled. He taught them to earn money instead of stealing it. He substituted the plowshare and the carabao for the kris and the barong. He introduced hospitals, vaccinated the people against the scourge of smallpox. Pacification advanced at such a rate that in the five years of his incumbency he was able to settle thousands upon thousands of Christian Filipinos from overcrowded Cebu on the rich vacant lands of Mohammedan Mindanao, without objection from the fanatical Moros.

The intensity of feeling still exists. Such is the author's faith in the Moro fighting man that he is convinced the Filipinos will find it difficult if not impossible to hold the Southern islands. I admit that trouble will almost certainly follow our withdrawal. But the Moros have been long disarmed. Even their fanaticism, their Mohammedan belief that Paradise will be theirs if they kill a Christian, will help them little against machine guns, gas, tanks, and the Filipino army trained by Field Marshal MacArthur.

Dr. Victor G. Heiser is the author of "An American Doctor's Odyssey," the current Book-of-the-Month Club selection, and a physician who as an expert in tropical diseases, has made numerous trips to all parts of the world in behalf of the Rockefeller Institute.

A New Sheaf of Van Gogh Letters

LETTERS TO AN ARTIST. From Vincent van Gogh to Anton Ridder von Rappard. 1881-1885. Translated from the Dutch by Rela van Messel. New York: The Viking Press. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

THIS new sheaf of Van Gogh letters here published for the first time in any language and accompanied by a number of unedited drawings is a distinct addition to Vincentiana. Through the accident of meeting him in an art class Vincent van Gogh struck up an acquaintance with the young Dutch patrician, Van Rappard. This soon developed, at least on Vincent's part, into a friendship.

It was the critical moment when Van Gogh after painful frustration and failures decided to become a painter and was feeling his way in poverty, living by selling his drawings. Of Rappard he made a sort of confessional, writing pretty much everything about his material and spiritual struggles. Nowhere else, for example, is Van Gogh's reason for domesticating a prostitute told with equal simplicity and conviction.

About the formation of Van Gogh's style considerable new evidence is presented. He was immensely curious as to all processes for drawing in black and white, rejoices when he recovers the old masters' pencil—*pierre noire*. The illustrators of the moment—French, German, English, American—he scanned with devout but not always discriminating admiration. He knew and liked the work of such Americans as Abbey, Reinhart, Smedley, Boughton, Howard Pyle.

He perceived the weakness of Fortuny and his brilliant and popular school, discovered Millet and tardily Delacroix. It has been customary to date Van Gogh's turn to pure colors to his move to Paris and the influence of the Impressionists, but here, in the letter of 1885, in which he first mentions Monet, whose work he had not yet seen, Van Gogh writes he is "quite busy with the question of color, I mean the breaking up of the colors—red with green, blue with orange, yellow with violet—the combination of the complementary colors, and their influence on each other." Evidently as a colorist Vincent was essentially on his own, and whatever aid he received from others in this regard was incidental and of little importance.

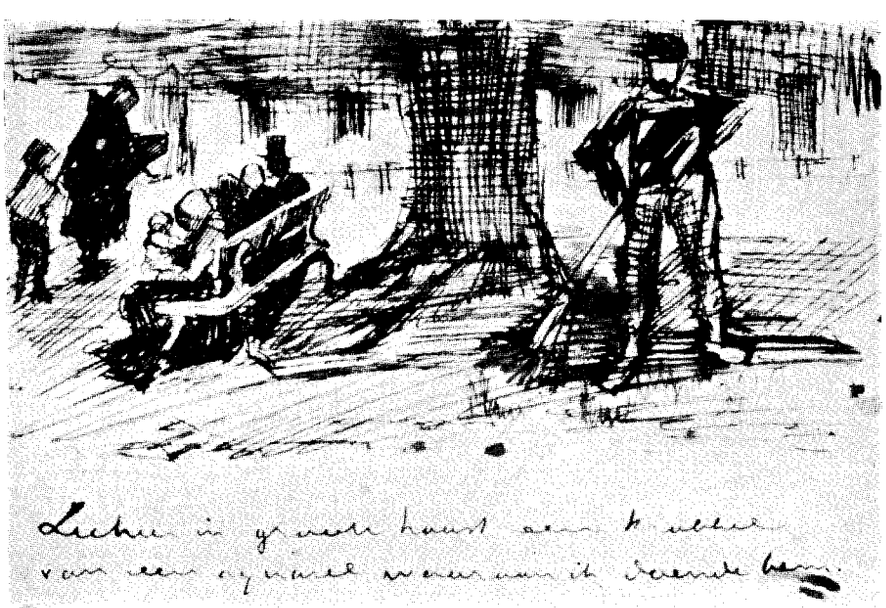
These letters form another revision of generally accepted opinion. Vincent's self-education was by no means haphazard, as many of us have thought, but intelligently systematic. He was quite justified in writing:

> and with all my mistakes it will not be easy to out-thunder me. . . . I am too convinced of my aim, I know what I want too well; and *après tout* I am too sure that I am on the right track when I paint what I feel, and feel what I paint; I am too sure of being on the right track to worry about what people say of me.

In an unhappy moment of candor Vincent wrote Rappard with much well-meaning advice a frank opinion of his work, and Rappard reciprocated with interest. So the correspondence and the friendship ended, which is a pity for we lack Vincent's impressions from Paris, as he would have communicated them to a fellow artist.

There are many facsimiles of letters, nearly all including tiny but telling sketches. A limited edition of this handsomely made book, 650 copies, is offered at $10.

Frank Jewett Mather is an art critic and professor of art at Princeton.



A VAN GOGH DRAWING, *published for the first time in "Letters to an Artist."*

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Case Book of a Career

OF LENA GEYER. By Marcia Davenport. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1936. $2.75.

Reviewed by IRVING KOLODIN

MUSICIANS generally, and opera singers in particular, have long been irresistibly attractive to writers of fiction. With a few brave exceptions—H. H. Richardson's "Maurice Guest," George Moore's "Evelyn Innes" and "Sister Theresa"—the authors who have tackled the subject have been deficient in one of two qualities: lack of musical background or weakness in the creation of character. By the sheer force of her musical enthusiasm and her love for Lena Geyer, Marcia Davenport has added another to the small group of musical novels which have more than a superficial relationship to the life they depict.

Indeed, it is Mrs. Davenport's intimate understanding of what constitutes achievement for a sincere musical artist that gives to her novel its distinctive qualities, its savor of a life lived, a career accomplished. Her Lena Geyer is no ordinary singer, striving for the ordinary goals in the ordinary way. She is a composite of all the great female singers who marched across the opera stages of the world during the last three decades, a species now virtually extinct. To take this quality of musicianship from one, that ability as an actress from an another, a precious humility as an artist from a third, may seem a facile enough device. But to integrate them, to make that sketch of the ideal singer into the character who is Lena Geyer, is a task of major proportions. Mrs. Davenport has accomplished it with considerable skill and great understanding.

In that curious way which characters have of conducting their own destiny once it is set in motion, Lena Geyer's attitude toward the people who passed through her life is acutely reflected in Mrs. Davenport's depiction of them. From Pizzetti, her first teacher, to the Duc de Chartres, her first lover, to Elsie de Haven, the American girl who becomes her inseparable companion, they were important to her only as they aided her career to fulfilment. Her weakness as a person was a too precise using of them; with only momentary twinges, they were to her, means to an end. The weakness of the novel, purely as a novel, is lack of definition in these secondary characters. Mrs. Davenport uses them much as Lena Geyer did, as aids to an objective. Those who come closest to the centre of Lena's musical orbit—the teacher, Mahler, Lilli Lehmann, her manager George Phillips—are the most vividly imagined.

Against a background which is largely concerned with the Metropolitan of the '90s, and again of the Toscanini period, Mrs. Davenport has sketched the details of a career which progresses from an obscure beginning in "bit" parts to the great heroines of Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner. The daughter of a charwoman in Prague, Lena moves through the musical life of New York, Berlin, Paris, and Vienna before returning to the Metropolitan to participate in the years of its greatest glory. In Berlin, after her early studies in New York, Lena sings for the first time with a fine orchestra and an excellent conductor, only to be expelled when she dares to deny herself to the Crown Prince. In Paris she comes to maturity as a woman, nurtured by the warmth of the Duc's love for her; and in Vienna she achieves artistic maturity through her work with Mahler at the Imperial Opera. Then she is ready to return to the Metropolitan, continuing her association with Mahler, there reaching the crest of her career, both as woman and artist, when she sings under the direction of the Metropolitan's great Italian conductor, Guido Vestri. What is characteristic and individual in the musical lives of each of these capitals Mrs. Davenport has selected discerningly, to the enrichment of her panorama.

It is more than a little regrettable that Mrs. Davenport could not have left Lena poised on the peak of her greatest achievement, as Isolde under Vestri-Toscanini's direction. Instead we are conducted through the lingering details of a nervous collapse, a slow recovery to the use of her voice, a glowing sunset to her career in the form of triumphs on the concert stage, a siege of illness, and a mechanical ending, *con molto Hollywood*, to the strains of the *Liebestod* from the radio. It is perhaps the most flattering of tributes to Mrs. Davenport's creation of the character to say that the memory of Lena Geyer as a great artist and a warmly lovable human being is not obscured by the history of her decline.

Mrs. Davenport has hit upon a felicitous method of telling such a story by permitting those who were closest to Lena Geyer at the various periods of her history to supply the material which is ordered and collated by the narrator. Since he is delineated as a music lover who knew Lena only as a figure on the stage during her great days, Mrs. Davenport is enabled to preserve a semblance of objectivity towards these accomplishments, while filling in the details of her life in the words of those who participated in each event. Here is a human being in the round, as rare a phenomenon in musical novels as singers such as Lena Geyer in the opera houses of the world.

Irving Kolodin is the author of "The Metropolitan Opera: 1883-1935."

MORLEY CALLAGHAN

Just Ordinary People

NOW THAT APRIL'S HERE. By Morley Callaghan. New York: Random House. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THOUGH he has essayed the novel successfully, Morley Callaghan is best known as a short-story writer. Thirty-five of his short stories are in this volume. They are unpretentious and for the most part about ordinary people. But Callaghan has a remarkable understanding of the emotions of ordinary people. He is familiar with most of their fluctuations between happiness and despair. The everlasting conflict between men and women, in marriage and out of it, he has observed closely. The awkward emotional predicaments of the young find in him an understanding interpreter. The struggle between the young and the old, parents and children, is presented naturally.

But this book has more range than would be indicated by the above remarks. It opens with a story of a wild son's first real understanding of his mother, follows with a divorced father's awkward attempt at acquaintance with his small son in the home of his remarried wife, contains some sixteen stories of young lovers or young married people and their emotional disturbances. Certainly there is variety.

With no marked mannerisms of style such as Ernest Hemingway possesses, and without Hemingway's dramatic power at his best, Callaghan has a like faculty for keeping his eye on the object and moving from point to point in his story with a sure sense of significant detail and significant mood. His handling of ordinary speech does not strive for effect but achieves perfect naturalness of dialogue.

This is a volume of stories worth reading. It is not mere entertainment, but an honest attempt to interpret human existence, sympathetically, but also with sufficient detachment. Some of the characters make a deep impression.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Heroes for Sale

IT is as difficult to tell what will interest a novelist or a dramatist, as for them to guess what will interest their audiences. And yet, of this we may be sure, that the successful book or play has been lit by sparks struck off from some emotional explosion in the author's brain. No matter what readers and playgoers want, they will not get it unless the authors are interested first. Not even good tripe can be created out of the desire to sell it. There is always more to the cheapest best seller or the most standardized play than the desire to "give them what they want." The author must want it too.

Hence it is in a spirit of speculation that we ask why American authors have been so uninterested in the kind of American represented in Dr. Victor Heiser's just published "An American Doctor's Odyssey." We do not mean Dr. Heiser personally, although his exploits are enough to fill out a dozen adventure stories, and his character and personality are both evidently engaging. What puzzles us is the infrequent appearance of what might be called the socially-minded adventurer on our stage and in our novels, when he has been so common an American type since the great universities and great foundations began to give him scope for action.

Is the answer that these men (and women also) are too extrovert, too simple emotionally to suit the taste of contemporary authors fascinated as they have been by the strains and stresses of a psychology cracked and fissured by the pressures of high tension civilization? But this is just words! These social leaders, social explorers, social experimenters, social heroes, have certainly as interesting human reactions as Mr. Faulkner's or Mr. Caldwell's poor whites. The only charge that holds against them is that they have been too successful. Modern literature does not like success. But not even that is true. Success is determined by how you measure it, and, as Sinclair Lewis showed in "Arrowsmith" (an exception to this complaint), the social hero's success is far more complex and far less certain than his career may indicate. No, if it is because of the apparent simplicity of their careers that this great generation of men who adventured but not for profit only, and who built not fortunes or institutions but the groundwork of new civilizations—if it is for this reason that our morbidly curious moderns have let them go by unnoticed except by the popularizers who have created wax imitations of them, then the worse for the social historians among the artists of our time.

But even if we should assume that the scientists, doctors, social workers, public health men, engineers, university presidents, researchers,—and most of all the army of American organizers sent in this generation throughout the world—even if we should grant that they have been too confident to please a Hemingway, too decent to interest an O'Hara, too indifferent to economic dogma to concern a Marxian, too unsubtle to engage the talents of an Ellen Glasgow or Willa Cather, too hopelessly modern to attract such romancers as Hervey Allen, too obviously in accord with their environment to please a Dreiser—assume all this, and still, why has the local color they provide been so little utilized? Do they appear on the stage? Does Philip Barry use them, or Howard, or Connelly, or Eugene O'Neill? For the last, and presumably for the first, their class would supply no suitable heroes, but what character types could be made of them!

English literature did not so neglect the products of its great adventurous ages. If the Nabob was satirized by Thackeray, and the British imperialist by Gilbert and Sullivan, still Bernard Shaw, Jane Austen, Rudyard Kipling, Alfred Tennyson, Robert Browning, Matthew Arnold, H. G. Wells, and dozens of minor writers, have been inspired by the protagonists of an ebullient energy that was both social and personal, constructive and creative. And indeed Hamlet and Othello, Prince Hal and Prospero, belong in the same category, while Falstaff is the parody of men of action whose grasp proves to exceed their reach.

Dr. Heiser was not responsible for his dramatic entrance into public notice on the crest of the Johnstown Flood. And in the rest of his life he spent as much time with rats as with humans, with lepers and the hook-wormed as with the healthy and the shod, with disease and calamity as with those normalities of ordinary life which our writers find so fascinatingly dangerous. But what humans he encountered while in search of rats! What instances of human nature debased or ennobled, what examples of personality, what evidences of the complexities of the old, old mind reacting to new science, what extraordinary situations, what dramatic possibilities, what proof that life can be lived intensely without incest, murder, war, or brutal nihilism! Really these shadowy Americans who never get into the tabloids or the movies, never see themselves in fiction, never seem to stir the literary imagination at all, should be looked into. One of the fallacies of ordinary thinking is that a generation is always conscious of its most interesting people, and most vital movements. They seldom are conscious of them unless a Napoleon, a Caesar, a Luther, or a Dante advertises his wares with such a clamor that he must be heard. What biographer chose Will Shakespeare for his subject? What historian studied the beginnings of the industrial revolution? The Heisers and their extraordinary kind have also been missed by a literary era which preferred shiners, suckers, bull heads, leeches, and typhoid bacteria, to black bass and trout.

A generation ago when we Americans were more naive, more confident, and far more sentimental these social *entrepreneurs* got more attention. Richard Harding Davis celebrated the organizer of business among the chaotic countries to the south of us, Dreiser made melodrama out of our financiers, feeling, as did the far more romantic Davis, that these heroic industrialists were obscurely significant of much more than a desire for profits or of a love for power. Such heroes of a predatory imperialism can never again be described without an edge of satire. Even a Mussolini who combines some of their efficient ruthlessness with Napoleonic romance loses a few thousand American admirers every time he makes a speech. No such objection holds against the modern Colonel Lawrences of science —these middlemen of progress whose business it is to sell better living to a slovenly, ignorant, and pig-sty loving world.

Ten Years Ago

Many readers of *The Saturday Review* in 1926 will still recall Christopher Morley's contribution to seventeenth-century scholarship in the issue of September 18th of that year. It concerned the interpretation of the inscription on the tomb of Ben Jonson in Westminster Abbey: O RARE BEN IOHNSON. In "*this most famous ejaculation of tenderness*," Mr. Morley observed, "*the O and the RARE, in the original slab, are so spaced that it is hard to know whether they were meant as one word or two. Was the Jack Young (who had the inscription cut) a punster? Did he intend a play upon words? . . . I suggest that the well-loved epitaph may have been intended as ORARE BEN IOHNSON—Pray for Ben Jonson (a use of the infinitive frequent in taphology.) If the stone-mason mis-spelled Jonson's name he may also have misunderstood the Latin word. His accident . . . made us all the richer.*"

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Letters to the Editor: *An Early Gift to Harvard College*

Sir Kenelm Digby and Harvard

SIR:—If Mr. Morley goes on showing enthusiasm about minor literary figures of the seventeenth century, some part of the public will soon be shouting, "Pedant!" But heed it not; there are all too few people in the dizzy present who realize how much fun is to be had in the byways, as well as the highways, of our literary past.

His remarks in the Bowling Green on Kenelm Digby (some time ago) caught my sympathetic eye, and prompt me to send along a few bits of Digbyana with which he may not be familiar. I haven't seen Bligh's book yet and I look forward to reading it.

There are several interesting links with New England's early days which should earn Digby a place in the index of our larger history texts. It was probably mere coincidence that his old ship, the *Eagle*, in which he had lorded it as a privateer for the whole length of the Mediterranean, was bought on his return to England by the merchant associates of the Massachusetts Bay Company and became the *Lady Arbella*, which in 1630 was the flagship of the famous Winthrop expedition to New England. John Winthrop, first governor of Massachusetts, accompanied by Saltonstall, Dudley, Bradstreet, and others, sailed on the *Arbella* and kept as its captain, Peter Milborne, who had been Digby's master. (See *Pub. Mass. Hist. Soc.* vol. 59 "A 17th Century Letter of Marque.") What a change of environment for both captain and craft! Yet we are told that Winthrop commended Milborne for keeping a fast appointed for the passengers!

But there was a much closer connection between Digby and the famous Winthrop family, for Sir Kenelm was a personal friend of the junior John Winthrop, who was first governor of Connecticut, and held that office no less than seventeen times. It was probably as the fruit of this association that Digby made his gift to the Harvard College Library in 1655. This gift is very much more than a matter of "hearsay" or pleasant "legend," and is mentioned not only in Baxter but in Cotton Mather's "Marginalia" and John Dunton's "Life." The books were fairly stuffy (at least, for modern readers) and consisted mainly of works of fathers of the church. Although fire in 1764 destroyed them, a record exists as follows:

Catalogues Librorum ex donis [word clipped out] Equitis Dni Kenelmi Dighby Ano Dni 1655.
Biblia sacra cum glossa ordinaria sextomis comprehensa
Opera Gregorii Nazianzeni graeco-lat. duobus tonis in fol.
Justini Martyris Opera Graecae
Origenis Opera
Conciliorum tomi duo in fol.
Hermes Trismegistus cum comentariis Rosselii in fol.
Ludovici Blosii opera
Venerab. Bedae tomi 2
Johan Damasceni Opera Graeco-Lat.
Anthonii Possevini bibliotheca
Alvarez tom 3
Rob Belli tomi duo
Epitome Annalium Baconii
Oecumenii Opera in tom 2 bus
Harphii Theologia Mystica in 4°
Joh. Cassiani opera in 8°
Cypriani opa in manibus

There were 29 books in all and valued at £60—no small gift in those penny-pinching days. John Harvard donated only 320 volumes. Digby's friend, John Winthrop, added 40 books worth only £20 three years after Sir Kenelm had won the gratitude of fledgling Harvard.

But Winthrop decided to stay on this side of the Atlantic, and a year later Digby wrote from Paris again urging a return. He had donated the books to Harvard since his previous letter and comments:

"I beseech you present my most humble thanks to the President and fellowes of yr college for the obliging Letter they have bin pleased to send me. So small a present as I presumed to make them, deserved not so large a returne; wch I may justly call a large one, since it hath putt me exceedingly in their debt: out of wch I will endeavour to come att my returne into England. That wch you sent me formerly, I never heard of. I meane, your or the Presidents letter or certificate."

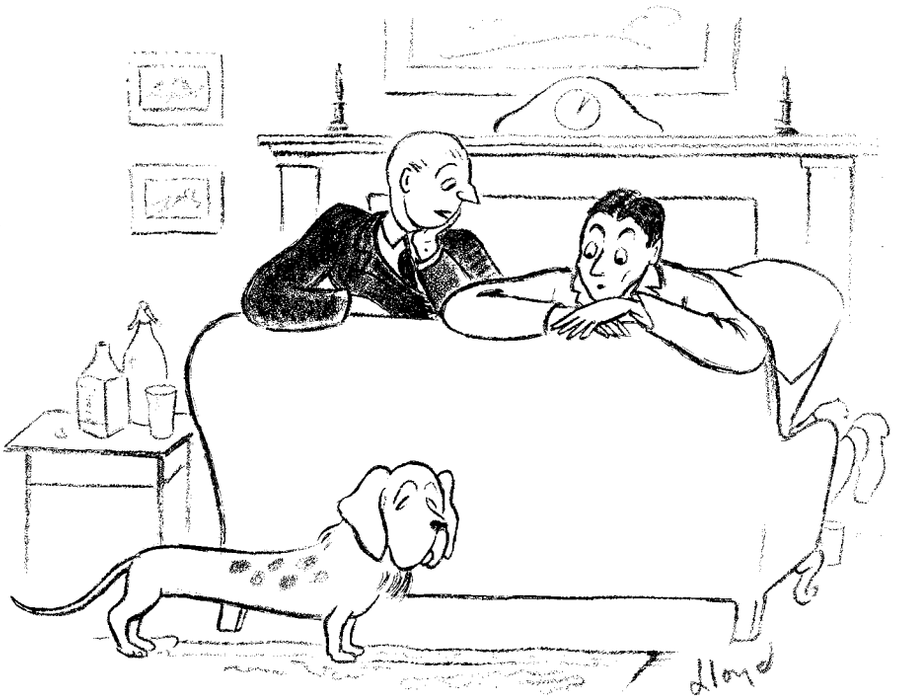
The extravagance of the thanks makes one wonder just what the "letter or certificate" contained. Digby seems to suggest the possibility of a further donation to Harvard but there is no record of a subsequent gift.

Dunton makes mention of the Sympathetic powder. Mr. Morley must become acquainted with that eccentric bookseller, pamphleteer, and publisher of our first question-and-answer periodical, John Dunton. One would need rose-colored glasses to see any literary merit in anything he ever wrote, but because of his gossipy middle-class interest in everything around him, he is to be recommended. He's a curious combination of personal vanity and naive humility, and the demon projector of the publishing trade at the close of the seventeenth century. He had the grace to call his autobiography (1705) "The Life and Errors of John Dunton" and the description of his trip to New England in 1685 to sell books and collect debts is full of local interest. One morsel to toss at the august descendants of our godly Puritan fathers: "He that trades with the inhabitants of Boston should be well furnished with a Grecian Faith; he may get promises enough, but their payments come late." The only modern (?) edition is the two-volume selection published by Nichols in 1818.

THEODORE F. M. NEWTON.

Cambridge, Mass.

P.S. James Russell Lowell knew his Digby for we have a copy of "Two Treatises" (1645) with Lowell's autograph and a MS note in his hand.



"WE'VE WRITTEN ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE ABOUT HIM."

"The Power of Sympathy"

SIR:—For the introduction to the Facsimile Text Society's reprint of William Hill Brown's "The Power of Sympathy," I am very desirous of ascertaining as completely as possible the ownership and location of extant copies of the original (1789) edition of the novel. I shall be very grateful for any such assistance from your readers.

MILTON ELLIS.

Orono, Maine.

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Along the Economic Front

THE DECLINE AND RISE OF THE CONSUMER. By Horace M. Kallen. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1936. $2.75.

Reviewed by BERTRAM B. FOWLER

HERE is a tremendous book—tremendous both in the breadth and depth of its penetration and in the implications it contains. Merely as a book advancing a comparatively new and revolutionary economic theory it would be important. But its true importance lies in the fact that here at last is a clearly expounded and stated philosophy of a movement that has within the last few years stirred the thought of America as few economic theories have stirred it in decades.

Consumer coöperation as a method of doing business, as a means of reforming our economic order, even as a different method of life has been presented before. Now comes "The Decline and Rise of the Consumer" to go further and state the inherent and basic philosophy, to trace the place of the consumer in the various stages of economic and industrial growth, and point out with penetrating clarity the road that must be followed if this or any nation is to avoid the pitfalls of dictatorship and arrive at anything approaching a free society.

In stating this philosophy, Dr. Kallen has gone back of the comparatively recent appearance of coöperation on the economic scene, to the vast and deep changes that have been going on through the ages. He traces changes that have carried man through the stages of primitive barter, into the medieval trading era and the growth of the guilds and crafts, through the industrial revolution to the present time when an economy based on the absolute supremacy of the producer has collapsed, and the only avenue of escape from economic disintegration under the system is absolute control by dictatorial edict.

In his preface Dr. Kallen opens his argument by outlining and defining democracy. It is a definition that every citizen of the United States should read and ponder.

> The democratic rule that all men are equal is sometimes confused with the quite opposite idea that all men are the same and that any man can be substituted for any other so that his differences make no difference. The two are not at all the same. The democratic rule that all men are equal means that men's being different cannot be made a basis for special privilege or for the invidious advantage of one man over another; equality, under the democratic rule, is the freedom and opportunity of each individual to be fully and completely his different self.

Here we have a succinct and understandable statement of the principle of democracy. And here also we have the foundation stone of understanding upon which the framework of this book is laid.

In "The Decline and Rise of the Consumer" there is something more than a mere tracing of the rise of consumer cooperation from its inception in the minds of the twenty-eight weavers of Rochdale, England, through the acceptance and adoption by the great European democracies, and its final arrival on the American scene. For, behind the appearance

and development, lies the age long struggle of man to perceive and bring forth a society in which all men should be treated justly and equitably.

In the development of his theme Dr. Kallen first states the fundamental precepts upon which all human progress has been based. For he makes clear the law of man's inherited and inalienable birthright laid down by the old Hebrew lawgivers, re-echoed in the Greek philosophies, restated and amplified in Christian ethics, iterated and reiterated by every revolutionist who poured forth his soul in an attempt to better the sorry world that fell so far below the stage upon which free and enlightened men should show forth the fullness of their lives and thoughts.

With this as the foundation of his book, Dr. Kallen goes forward to trace the struggle of mankind to work out its own salvation. He makes it plain that this struggle was one in which men fought to force the material and equal selfhood of man as opposed to the unnatural and classified selfhoods into which a state of servility to an economic system had forced them.

Here Dr. Kallen shows clearly the real nature and appearance of consumer cooperation. He states its philosophy as the deep and moving revolt of men against a system that would make of them servile subjects of a state in which the producer holds the predominant position, where production, instead of filling its natural function as a means to the end of living our lives, has become a system whereby man lives merely to work and works merely to live, thereby defeating the ends of his existence and the leadings of his own intelligence.

He points out all this clearly when he says:

> The real division of labor, which is one of the pillars of industrial economy, has become tantamount to a false division of men, distinguishing them from one another by their vocations rather than their persons, splitting the persons into producers and consumers and giving primacy to the producers. . . . The masters impose this dogma to rationalize their supremacy. The servants employ it to rationalize their rebellion.

It is by such statements as these that Dr. Kallen defines the difference between,

GROWTH OF A WHOLESALE COÖPERATIVE STORE (SUPERIOR, WIS.)
The store in this photograph developed from the small establishment shown at the top of the page. From "Consumer Coöperation in America" by Bertram B. Fowler.

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on the one hand, the various rebels against the vested producer supremacy,—the syndicalists, anarchists, communists, and their ilk,—and the organized and enlightened consumer with a new philosophy that calls for an evolutionary but none the less complete and absolute change of the whole economic system. The rebels within the producer economy would take over the reins of authority that they might rule instead of the master, that the employee instead of the employer might continue the system that was based unalterably and unshakably on the quasi-divine right of the producer to control and rule. In this interpretation of consumer coöperation is shown unequivocally the philosophy that would not merely rewrite the governing rules of a present economy, but would lay down an entirely new and revolutionary statement outlining the actual rights of man as a consumer—as a human being who should live his own life rather than eke out an existence under the bonds of a producer-controlled economy; who should come into the supremacy that is so essential if we are ever to build a better society upon earth.

The philosophy so dramatically stated and outlined in Dr. Kallen's book is by its own statements something to stir the imagination of men. But there is something more to give the book added weight and conviction. For, behind the book itself is the outward appearance of the philosophy in a movement embracing millions of consumers from Kansas City to Copenhagen. These millions of consumers have found in the coöperative philosophy a workable rule whereby they have been able to correct, as far as they are concerned, some of the more glaring evils that have marked the producer economy in the last few decades. Through their own coöperative organizations these men and women have been able to eliminate the excessive waste that goes with the ballyhoo of modern sales methods, raise the standards of quality in the goods they buy, cut excessive profits while they have been laying the foundation stones for the new economic order that today looms as a distinct possibility of the future.

To these coöperators Dr. Kallen's book will come as a milestone in their march. "The Decline and Rise of the Consumer" will, I predict, serve as a guide book and a volume of inspiration. The coöperative movement owes a debt of gratitude to Dr. Kallen for his monumental work. And, because these pioneers in the new economy owe him such gratitude, so, too, do the rest of the people of America. For America is going to hear much of this movement in the coming years.

Bertram Fowler, long a student of the coöperative movement, is the author of "Consumer Coöperation in America: Democracy's Way Out," which was the subject of a leading review in The Saturday Review *of June 20.*

THE OLD COLLEGE FROM THE YARD.
Drawing by H. R. Shurtleff, from "The Founding of Harvard College."

The Liberal Puritan

THREE CENTURIES OF HARVARD, 1636-1936. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CORBIN

ON the heels of George Santayana's brilliantly despairing portrait of the "last" or fadeaway Puritan we have the tercentennial celebration of the Puritan founding of Harvard. Not only in Cambridge and Boston but all abroad in the land, wherever the seed of the Puritans has taken root, there has been discussion about it and about. The records in evidence have long been accumulating in Mr. Morison's voluminous and majestic Tercentennial History; and now he has given us the abstract and brief chronicle in a single volume, "Three Centuries of Harvard." Santayana to the contrary notwithstanding, he believes that a still Puritan Harvard is still rising through change and through storm.

As to the facts no doubt remains. Almost if not quite without exception, Harvard has been at once Puritan and liberal—in the vanguard of theological and literary and scientific progress. In the matter of theology, certainly, few or none of the more flagrant excesses can be laid at her gates. The purpose of the founders was indeed to provide that, when clergymen educated at Cambridge and Oxford lay in their graves, there should be a succession of men both learned and pious. But the College was to be no mere theological school, narrowly dogmatic. As at the parent universities, the ancient humanities and the new sciences were to be cultivated for themselves alone. Poems of an idolatrous religion and of love affairs not wholly spiritual were admitted side by side with the subversive cosmogony of Galileo and Newton. Fundamentalists might rage, as they came to do at New Haven, but the *Veritas* of the Harvard scutcheon remained unsullied.

Freedom from the more truculent rigors of Calvinism prevailed from the start. Like John Milton (also a humanist) they relegated that bothersome crux about free will and predestination to the fiends in hell. The most abhorrent sinner might experience grace abounding by virtue of a timely repentance. It remained for the eighteenth century, for Jonathan Edwards and the rival institution, to fan the flames of hellfire to an absolute incandescence.

There is, of course, that matter of the Salem witches. Though liberals in their time, the Harvard worthies still believed the Bible to be the Word of God literally inspired; and did it not tell of the Witch of Endor and of the Gadarine swine? Witches and poltergeists, in league with Beelzebub, were dragging innocent souls down to the pit and must be frustrated. But the proceedings against them were, relatively, lenient. Long ago Professor Kittredge showed that, compared with what happened throughout western Europe, the craze in New England was brief and mild. Barrett Wendell in his life of Cotton Mather showed that the doings at Salem and elsewhere were of the order of "spiritualistic" manifestations of today which are abundantly authenticated—and still unexplained unless we fall back upon the Matherian diabolism. Mr. Morison points out that several of the co-workers at Salem were members of the British Association of Scientists and actuated, at least in part, by the spirit of our modern Society for Psychic Research. With the devil still enthroned, could liberalism go farther?

In due course, and still in the vanguard, Harvard took up the cause of

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Unitarianism and Emersonian transcendentalism, and in doing so it encountered a sharp fundamentalist opposition. The defense was spirited but not always convincing. When President Holyoke's orthodoxy was challenged, a loyal colleague declared that he was "as orthodox a Calvinist as any man" but added that he was "too much a gentleman, and of too catholic a temper, to cram his principles down another man's throat." A Calvinist and a gentleman, but a gentleman first. When Whitefield came and preached "straight hell-and-damnation Calvinism" his doctrine and "his pulpit antics in particular" proved similarly repugnant to "the good taste and settled traditions" of the college. In conversation Whitefield remarked that a certain liberal theologian was "in hell for his heresy." The celebrated Tutor Flint demurred courteously yet pointedly. "It is my opinion," he said, "that you will not meet him there."

At this epoch Harvard was Federalist and opposed to Jeffersonian democracy. That was according to a tradition which in one sense was not precisely liberal. Its founders were theocrats—which is to say that they aspired to establish the reign of God on earth; and their successors had never lost the conviction that, for the good of all, leadership should inhere in "the talented, the wise, and the virtuous." It was thus opposed to the dominant spirit of the time not only in religion but in politics; and so it encountered an opposition from all sides which threatened to reduce it to the rank of minor institutions. Yet it kept staunchly to its ways until the new liberalism of President Eliot restored it to the front rank. Today the *odium theologicum* is scarcely felt, and the equalitarian doctrine itself has lost some of its prestige. The time may yet come when chief emphasis will again be laid upon excellent differences.

In adopting the Harkness House system, together with the tutorial system and the honor examination, the college has taken a long step in that direction. As Mr. Morison points out, all this is precisely in line with the original Oxford-Cambridge idea of "the collegiate way of living" and "liberal learning"—as opposed to the pseudo-democracy of nineteenth-century college life and the pseudo-scientific ideal of the elective system. What the result will be only the future can tell; but Mr. Morison has hope that once more it will be a rising through change and through storm.

If we take Puritanism in the sense of an idealism of mind and of character, it may fairly be pleaded that Harvard has been constant throughout to its spirit. It has, to be sure, a besetting sin, a Laodicean mood popularly described as Harvard indifference. If Santayana had fixed upon this, he might well have described his hero as the last Puritan. But Oliver Alden was not indifferent. He was an able athlete, a keen student of philosophy, and a lover of his fellow men—including two women. Yet everywhere he was a washout and a bust. Even in his death there was no tragedy, no sense of finality; for in all that really matters he had long since been done for. As an individual he is skilfully drawn, interesting and appealing; but can anyone so feeble and so futile be representative of anything?

If we must have a last Puritan, why not a man of the temper of Henry Adams, whose mind still strove incessantly toward truth, and whose ultimate disillusionments were spiritually passionate to the point of tragedy? It may be that he also was a mere individual—or at most the last representative of the inspired, the excitable, and the cantankerous breed of Adamses. But it would be interesting enough to study him as an end-product of the humanistic Puritanism of which the history of Harvard is a living record.

There is of course another stripe of Puritans perhaps equally important, those who were fundamentalists or nothing. With the exception of the great but obsolescent Jonathan Edwards, they have been mostly lacking in philosophic and literary inspiration; but they have played a major part in building the material structure of our nation. They also may—and may not!—be now last Puritans, though the country has still dire need of them. But that is another story.

John Corbin, dramatic critic and biographer, is himself a graduate of Harvard.

The Dilemma of Two Generations

TO MY FATHER. By Charles Wertenbaker. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. Rothman

THERE is a couplet written, I think, by Leonora Speyer, which reads as follows:

> You taught me how to fly,
> Then you took away my sky.

This is one way of expressing a particular kind of personal tragedy, but it could illustrate also a larger tragic dilemma, that of a people equipped by background and training for existence within a virile, expansive, genteel tradition, who find themselves compelled to function in a spiritual wasteland, with the tradition shrivelled and impotent. They stand winged, where there is no sky. That is the greatest literary theme the modern South provides. There have been many books about it, by writers not of the South who were unable to understand it, and by writers of the South who could not bear to examine it. Charles Wertenbaker is a Virginian and he has explored this theme in a first rate novel, with all the power and clarity that good writing can bring to it.

CHARLES WERTENBAKER

"To My Father" is the history of the Chastains, a Virginia family. Dr. Robert Chastain is possessed of the same boundless, generous energies that lifted his ancestors to a commanding position in early Virginia. But the milieu that could support such energies has passed. The vanquished South will not struggle to create a replica of the thriving East; it leans upon its memories, saying: a gentleman does not make money, he has it. A man of Dr. Chastain's ambitions must seek advancement northward, and there he is frustrated by his temperamental inability to accept that grasping, competitive philosophy of success, or to practise the opportunistic ethics of a business civilization. He is a man of a vanished culture, striving in an alien land.

Charles Chastain, his son, is born to a knowledge of that impotence which Dr. Chastain realizes in his defeat. Charles, and his generation with him, struggles not to fight it but to forget it. Their life at the university is dedicated to a development of those gallant gestures, such as sound drinking and good conversation and caste loyalty, which may serve to distinguish a gentleman in a world of other fellows. Theirs is the hard, sad, desperate youth of an era's last inheritors. Mr. Wertenbaker is not content with diagnosis, but carries Charles forward to a maturity that uncovers new powers for living. At the close of the book Charles is finding his way out of the dilemma that has stultified two generations.

"To My Father" would be important if only for its grappling with this major theme, but it has other graces as well. The shifting backgrounds of Charlottesville, Wilmington, Chicago, New York, Europe, are thoroughly realized, and the individual portrayals are beautifully done. The writing is always sure; there is a flexibility of style that meets every need in just the right way.

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The Legend of T. S. Eliot

ESSAYS ANCIENT AND MODERN. By T. S. Eliot. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

MR. ELIOT, who is one of the two or three most important poets of the day, has achieved a certain reputation for profundity as a literary critic which I, for one, am at a loss to comprehend. There is supposed to be in him a dark, oracular wisdom. His essays, though they do not seem to be unusually penetrating, are, one is given to understand, part of an Orphic system of ideas; and if one ventures to say that to discuss the prose style of Bishop Andrewes (whom Mr. Eliot may almost be said to have invented) or to write an introduction to Tennyson's poems (which Mr. Eliot has a happy air of discovering) is not, after all, a prodigious literary job, one is told reprovingly that Mr. Eliot's religious conversion is one of the great events of our time, or that "The Waste-Land" is a great masterpiece (which, in truth, it is) or that "Murder in the Cathedral" is of primary philosophic importance (which it is not). Somehow, most of this seems irrelevant. This deep, violet atmosphere is, to be sure, mostly the product of Mr. Eliot's followers, who are admirably loyal to him. But one cannot contemplate his own legend forever without yielding to the universal contagion; and in "Essays Ancient and Modern" there is evidence that Mr. Eliot has assumed the god.

TENNYSON IN YOUTH

> I am aware [he writes] that most of these papers date themselves, even when I have forgotten the dates. It may well be that in a few years' time I may wish to remove some from currency, as I have in the past. . . .

This unhappy sentence conjures up a picture of Mr. Eliot standing imperturbable in the midst of his own greatness, bidding his essays come and go like a conjurer's trick. If Mr. Eliot had chosen to say: What I have written I have written, it would have been less pretentious. Doubtless the mature Shakespeare regretted "Titus Andronicus," but there is no record that he "removed it from currency," and I doubt very much that he ever forgot its date.

The present collection contains ten pronouncements, five from an earlier volume, and five that are new. Of the new ones, three are addresses, and two are reprinted introductions, one for an edition of Tennyson, and one for a translation of Pascal. In both Mr. Eliot says a number of penetrating things, but the Tennyson is better than the Pascal precisely because it is free from that system of ideas which are forever getting between Mr. Eliot and literature. Mr. Eliot really looks at Tennyson as a poet and not as a man who would have been improved by becoming an Anglo-Catholic.

The three addresses are, however, especially interesting because they so clearly illustrate the deeps and shallows of Mr. Eliot's system of ideas. "Religion and Literature," for example, is devoted to the following propositions:

> "Literary criticism should be completed by criticism from a definite ethical and theological standpoint. In so far as in any age there is common agreement on ethical and theological matters, so far can literary criticism be substantive. In ages like our own, in which there is no such common agreement, it is the more necessary for Christian readers to scrutinize their reading, especially of works of imagination, with explicit ethical and theological standards. The 'greatness' of literature cannot be determined solely by literary standards; though we must remember that whether it is literature or not can be determined only by literary standards."

I do not know what Mr. Eliot means by "substantive" literary criticism, but I suppose he would agree that the period from 1780 to 1830 was a period rich in literary criticism of a high order. What common agreement on ethical and theological matters there was between Lamb and Jeffrey, Coleridge and Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt and Gifford I am at a loss to know. It is true, they all lived in a "Christian" country, but so do Mr. Max Eastman and the editors of *The Commonweal*, so do Mr. Mencken and, in a manner of speaking, Mr. Eliot; and surely the differences, ethical and theological, among the body of men who produced literary criticism in the Regency are more striking than the fact that they were all Britons and members of a "Christian" commonwealth.

But passing this over, I am interested to see that in the whole course of his essay, which runs to 23 pages, Mr. Eliot never gets around to the real problem he has set. This problem is explicit in his last clause: "we must remember that whether it is literature or not can be determined only by literary standards." Precisely. But what are literary standards? Mr. Eliot never, never tells. And yet until we comprehend what is meant by literature and literary standards we cannot go on intelligently to discuss the necessity of "completing" literary criticism (has it been thus incomplete?) "from a definite ethical and theological standpoint." And since for Mr. Eliot the ethical and theological standpoint which is thus to complete literary criticism is the standpoint of Anglo-Catholic Christianity, one can but wonder at this calm assumption that Christianity has a monopoly of the ethical and theological virtues. Mr. Eliot, it is clear, really begs the question. But his logical difficulties are so concealed in the melancholy roll of his style that it is all very plausible until one begins to reflect.

It may indeed be true that modern literature, as Mr. Eliot says, "repudiates, or is wholly ignorant of, our most fundamental and important beliefs; and that in consequence its tendency is to encourage its readers to get what they can out of life while it lasts" and do a number of things that Mr. Eliot regrets. It may also be true that this is socially damaging. The Puritans also regretted the tendency of Jacobean dramatists (whom Mr. Eliot admires) to encourage men to get what they can out of life while it lasts; and with a practical application of the doctrine of completing literary criticism by ethical and theological doctrine they closed the theatres and ended a great period in English poetry—a conclusion which I am sure Mr. Eliot deplores, but a conclusion to which "honest Christians," in Mr. Eliot's phrase, are unfortunately likely to come. For amid the nuances and velleities of Mr. Eliot's style he is really advocating a kind of censorship. He says:

> It is our business, as readers of literature, to know what we like. It is our business, as Christians, *as well as* readers of literature, to know what we ought to like. It is our business as honest men not to assume that whatever we like is what we ought to like; and it is our business as honest Christians not to assume that we do like what we ought to like.

Mr. Eliot would be the first to deplore censorship; but the artistic decline of the Irish Free State is an interesting example of what sometimes happens when honest Christians complete literary criticism by ethical and theological doctrine.

In another essay, "Modern Education and the Classics," Mr. Eliot despairingly remarks that "the only hope that I can see for the study of Latin and Greek, in their proper place and for the right reasons, lies in the revival and expansion of monastic teaching orders." That the monastic teaching orders did an immense service in preserving Latin and Greek is undeniable, but the history of the interpretation of Latin and Greek culture and literature by the monastic teaching orders is rather unhappy for Mr. Eliot's system of ideas. And if "our most funda-

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mental and important beliefs" are, in Mr. Eliot's opinion, those which have to do with the Christian supernatural; if it be true that modern literature "repudiates, or is wholly ignorant of, our most fundamental and important beliefs," if it is, as he says, "corrupted by what I call Secularism . . . is simply unaware of, simply cannot understand the meaning of, the primacy of the supernatural over the natural life," I find it difficult to understand how a revival of Latin and Greek, even at the hands of the monastic teaching orders, is going to cure Secularism. Let us turn, for example, to one of the commonplaces—a very beautiful commonplace, to be sure—of Latin poetry:

> Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
> rumoresque senum severiorum
> omnes unius aestimemus assis.
> soles occidere et ridire possunt:
> nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,
> nox est perpetua una dormienda.

The whole bitter and beautiful flavor of this passage depends upon a denial of the supernatural order; and I can scarcely see that one's appreciation of the "greatness" of such literature is to be increased or completed by theology—except in the roundabout fashion that if Catullus had been assured of personal immortality, he might have written something like "The Blessed Damozel." But would Lesbia have been among the saints?

When Mr. Eliot is not trying to complete literary criticism from a definite ethical and theological standpoint, he writes really excellent literary criticism. The essay on "Baudelaire in Our Time" is an excellent example of just literary insight—not perhaps so much into Baudelaire as into Arthur Symons, whose translation he is discussing. The essay on Francis Bradley has great charm, though the end is pontifical. The essay on John Bramhall does not seem to me unusual—I have heard college lectures quite as penetrating—and is rather spoiled by Mr. Eliot's inability to let Hobbes alone. Hobbes worries him a good deal. Hobbes is a low fellow who won't listen to reason and who denies all Mr. Eliot's fine talk about ethical and theological matters. But Hobbes remains, nonetheless, a great and important figure—so indestructible that Mr. Eliot has to take another shot at him in the essay on Lancelot Andrewes. Yet, as Mr. Eliot remarks in his grand manner, "If we take the widest and wisest view of a Cause, there is no such thing as a Lost Cause because there is no such thing as a Gained Cause." Mr. Eliot seems not to have applied this golden apothegm, whatever it means, to writers like Hobbes, who so regrettably lacked the proper ethical and theological matters. But is there not another apothegm—not, to be sure, written in the grand manner—concerning sauce for the goose and sauce for the gander?

Howard Mumford Jones has recently been appointed professor of English at Harvard.

The Late Führer of Venezuela

GÓMEZ. Tyrant of the Andes. By Thomas Rourke. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by Isaac Goldberg

IT is not only Europe that has its "Sawdust Caesars." In Venezuela, for twenty-seven long, fearful, silent years that ended in December of 1935, there ruled Juan Vincente Gómez, whose noiseless efficiency was one of the most horrible attributes of his protracted dictatorship. He drained the country of its brains, of its manhood, of its finances; he ruled over its women like a sultan and fathered, in his Oriental manner, a brood of almost a hundred children by a harem of twenty; he adorned his despotism with tortures for which we must reach back,

GÓMEZ IN 1916, WHEN HE ADMIRED THE KAISER

through the inquisitions of the dark ages, to the cold ferocity of South America's aborigines.

All this, with the world outside scarcely aware of what was going on; an entire nation, as it were, held incommunicado. Students of Hispano-American culture have known of Gómez almost since the days when, during the visit of President Cipriano Castro to Europe for surgical treatment, the subordinate appropriated the presidency. To most people, however, this first full account in English, from the pen of an engineer and a novelist who knows the territory both as scientist and as artist, will come as a black revelation.

Gómez was an illiterate mountaineer; he had no schooling; until his forty-second year he did not even know what a town of more than six thousand population looked like. He possessed a native shrewdness that, coupled with an icy unscrupulousness, seemed to predestine him for acquisition and power. Appropriately, he made his beginnings as a cattle-rustler; there is little in the rest of his career that is much else than an enlargement of these qualities and an extension of the field in which they operated. He was, essentially, the cacique—the tribal chief. He had, as successful illiterates must have, a photographic memory. In planning he was guileful; in execution, ruthless.

It was a late rise to power. When, in 1892, he fled to Colombia, he was in his thirty-sixth year. There were seven years in Buenos Aires, where he met his fellow-exile, Castro. In 1908, when Gómez seized the presidency, he was past fifty. It had been a modest invasion of Venezuela, nine years before, with his sixty men mustered at Buenos Aires for the drive across the frontier. "They represented," writes Mr. Rourke, "the full fighting strength of the Gómez clan. Castro was in command. The others were the family, kinsmen, criados, and peons of Gómez. They were a wild, illiterate lot of mountain Indians." These were La Sesenta, the Sixty, upon which Gómez built his despotism.

Mr. Rourke underscores the fact that Venezuela is one of the few nations of the world boasting a balanced budget and a surplus in the treasury. This is the work, not of Gómez's patriotism, but of his self-seeking. The discovery of oil in Venezuela made the country rich; but Gómez was the country. It is true that he outwitted the foreign oil syndicates. "The result," reports our author, "was a law that for fairness to the companies and for the protection of the rights of the nation as well, has never been bettered."

It was oil that really made Gómez, and that unmade Venezuela. Of the foul dungeons into which friends of liberty were thrown,—of the instruments of torture,—of the excruciating punishments, Rourke writes with necessary, flesh-rippling candor. His book—deeply felt, yet fair enough despite its indignation—should open the eyes and, one hopes, the minds, of those who secretly believe that what the United States needs is a Hitler.

To cap the irony, the slogan of Gómez was Unión, Paz y Trabajo,—Union, Peace and Work,—and it leered down at the Venezuelans from under his picture, which was to be seen everywhere. For this motto the inhabitants of Caracas, the capital, had their own gloss: Union, in the prisons; Peace, in the cemetery; and Work, in the chain-gangs on the roads. When the dictator was dead the people could not believe their good fortune; he had been, in the popular mind, a sorcerer, an evil demon who could not die. Now that he is buried, and that his inquisitorial instruments have been dumped into the ocean, perhaps Venezuela can rise anew.

Dr. Isaac Goldberg has written, among other volumes, books upon the letters of Spanish- and Portuguese-America. He has been Special Lecturer on Hispano-American Literature at Harvard University.

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Memories of A. E. Housman

(*Continued from page 4*)

It was to this friend (Alfred W. Pollard) that he owed a change in the proposed title of the book, which must have had a considerable effect on its fortunes. He had intended to call it "Poems of Terence Hearsay." Pollard suggested "A Shropshire Lad" as better, a piece of good advice which the author was luckily not above taking.

> "The Shropshire Lad" [the note goes on to say] is an imaginary character, with something of my temper and view of life. Very little in the book is biographical.

As regards the influences affecting his poems, he added:

> "Reader of the Greek Anthology" is not a good name for me. Of course I have read it, or most of it, but with no special heed; and my favorite Greek poet is Aeschylus. No doubt I have unconsciously been influenced by the Greeks and Latins, but I was surprised when critics spoke of my poetry as "classical." Its chief sources of which I am conscious are Shakespeare's songs, the Scottish Border Ballads, and Heine.

In answer to an inquiry whether "A Shropshire Lad" had been the product of "a crisis of pessimism" he replied that he had never had any such crisis.

> In the first place I am not a pessimist but a pejorist (as George Eliot said she was not an optimist but a meliorist); and that philosophy is founded on my observation of the world, not on anything so trivial and irrelevant as personal history. Secondly, I did not begin to write poetry in earnest until the really emotional part of my life was over; and my poetry, so far as I could make out, sprang chiefly from physical causes, such as a relaxed sore throat during my most prolific period, the first five months of 1895.

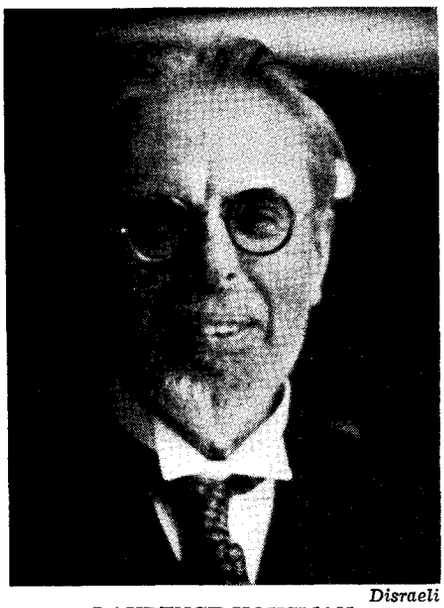
Finally, to the same correspondent, he writes:

> I respect the Epicureans more than the Stoics, but my man is Aristippus of Cyrene, who was not afraid of words. Of the writers you mention, the only two I have read and admired much are Pascal and Leopardi. For Hardy I had a great affection, and admiration for some of his novels and a little of his poetry.
>
> As some of the questions which you ask in your flattering curiosity may possibly be asked by future generations, and as most of them can only be answered by me, I make this reply.

The one English novelist whom Alfred preferred to Hardy was Jane Austen. When he told Hardy so, Hardy replied, "Well, of course it's the greater thing." "What he meant by that," said Alfred, "I'm sure I don't know."

Another of his rather unexpected admirations was Christina Rossetti, of whom he said that posterity would probably place her above Swinburne. It was an admiration which we shared; twice I had the pleasure of introducing him to poems by her which he did not know; of one he asked me to send him a copy; of the other (a poem called "The River of Life") he said "Yes: it's the sort of nonsense that is worth writing": a remark which somewhat consoled me for his having described certain devotional poems of my own as "nonsense-poems." Some years later he said he thought they were the "cleverest" I had ever written; from which I gathered that with him "nonsense" as applied to poetry was not a word of opprobrium.

During the years preceding his appointment at University College, London, Alfred remained for most of the members of his family a somewhat distant acquaintance, and neither from our occasional meetings, nor from our quite formal correspondence, have I anything to record that seems now worth telling. Indeed it was not until after "A Shropshire Lad" was published that our correspondence became fairly frequent, and that his letters began once more to be individual and amusing. The astonished exclamation of a member of the family, after reading the first six or seven of the "Shropshire Lad" poems, "Alfred has a heart!" is sufficient indication of the pains he had taken to conceal it during the years of his bitter disappointment over the finish of his university career. But even while he lived so far removed from the familiar association of early days, he still had his eye on us, as regards our literary activities, and when any of them pleased him, he let us know it. When his sister Clemence's story "The Were Wolf" appeared in the Christmas number of *Atalanta* in 1889 she got from him a letter of warm appreciation beginning "Capital, capital, capital!" And quite early, with my own stories, poems, and plays, I was conscious of more regard for what Alfred would think and say of them than for what any other critic or the general public might think or say.



Disraeli

LAURENCE HOUSMAN

It so happened that I sent him the manuscript of my first book of poems for criticism, at the very time when, without my knowing it, he was preparing his own for publication; and I got from him two long letters of detailed criticism—sometimes scathing in its terms, but also considerate and kind where it seemed to him that kindness was deserved. Shortly after our two books had been published, I received a letter from him, the terms of which will be better understood if I explain beforehand that I had designed for the cover of my own book "Green Arras" a very elaborate, and as I thought beautiful cover of gold scroll-work. "The other day," wrote Alfred,

> I was sitting at dinner next to a man who thought to interest me by talking about *you* and *your* poems. He said he liked "Green Arras"; he added that "A Shropshire Lad" had a pretty cover. I am your affectionate brother, A.E.H. P.S. He did not say that "Green Arras" had a pretty cover; nor has it! P.P.S. I was just licking the envelope when the following envenomed remark occurred to me: I had far far rather have my poems mistaken as yours than your poems mistaken as mine.

This was the sort of thing which he enjoyed writing; and to me it was done less maliciously than to others, because he knew that I also enjoyed it, having reason to know that sometimes he said kinder things about me behind my back than he wrote to my face. But there can be no doubt that he did greatly enjoy writing and saying bitter and contemptuous things about people who seemed to him to deserve them; and he had in his note-book pages stocked with phrases which were apparently waiting a suitable victim to whom they might be applied. Many of these found a place in his critical writings—the introductions to his own editions of the classics and his reviews of books by other scholars whose claim to that term he would not admit; and one does not doubt that the more highly established their reputations, the more did he enjoy bringing them down into the dust.

Without naming names I give here just a few samples of the gentle ferocity with which he put into their places certain people of supposed importance in the scholastic world, in order that those who are not readers of the edited classics may here get an idea of that gift for invective which made him the most feared, and perhaps also the most hated, among the pedants (his own pet phrase) of his day.

> I can easily understand why Mr.—— should not tell the truth about other people. He fears reprisals: he apprehends that they may tell the truth about *him*.
>
> If Mr. —— were a postage-stamp he would be a very good postage-stamp; but adhesiveness is not the virtue of a critic. A critic is free and detached.

To put a finish to this pillorying of unnamed victims, here is one more pronouncement which would miss its point were its subject left nameless:

> Swinburne was as good a critic as a

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> rhinoceros can possibly be—a much better critic than his fellow rhinoceros Macaulay. But to be a good critic you must be more sensitive to pain than either of these illustrious pachyderms. . . . Swinburne reading Shakespeare was like a bear rifling a bees' nest; he eats and enjoys the honey, and the bees cannot sting him through his hide.

What all this goes mainly to show is that while Alfred considered truth the first duty of a critic and a scholar, he enjoyed telling the truth provocatively. Illustrative of which (on a matter not of literature but of morals) was his remark that the rarest of sexual aberrations is chastity! It is quite true, but it could hardly be said in a more provocative way.

Alfred's minute insistence on accuracy is well exemplified in his reply to a friend who regretted that she had been unable to obtain a first edition of "Last Poems" and had been obliged to content herself with the second. "In that case," he wrote, "you have got the more valuable edition. In the first a comma is missing."

People seem to have got the impression that Alfred disliked being questioned about his poems. That was not my own experience; if the question had any interest in it he liked answering it. I asked him once whether as a rule, his so-happily-chosen adjectives had come to him spontaneously or after labor and with difficulty; and I gave as an instance "colored counties," a phrase which has become famous. "Now that you should have picked that out," he said, "is interesting. When I wrote the poem I put down a quite ordinary adjective, just to fill up for the time, which didn't satisfy me. Then with the poem in my head, I went to bed and dreamed, and in my dream I hit on the word 'painted'; when I woke up I saw that 'painted' wouldn't do, but it gave me 'colored' as the right word."

This is confirmed in the first draft of the poem which I found in one of his note-books where the alternatives run: sunny, pleasant, checkered, patterned; "painted" is left out, it was not necessary for that to be written down.

I have given in the preceding pages, instances of Alfred's ruthless treatment of intellectual foolishness, more especially of foolishness which gave itself the airs of learning. In that direction he could be cruel with relish: but toward moral foolishness, especially toward the foolishness of troubled youth, his inclination was all the other way. Even deflections from rectitude which he would not have tolerated in himself, caused no withdrawal of aid when once it had been proffered; and in a case known to me, conduct which he described as nefarious did not alter relations of real personal friendship between him and the offender, though the offence was to himself. Certain "laws of God and man," with their socially imposed sanctions, he disliked heartily, and with recognition of human nature's imperfect material, made a wide allowance for its failures. This is shown clearly in many of his published poems.

Two years ago, when we were taking a holiday together, I found Alfred more communicative than I had ever known him before. Of the poem called "New Year's Eve" which he published in a magazine while at Oxford, he wrote it, he said, in his twentieth year. "I was then a deist." "And now," I asked "what do you call yourself—agnostic?" "No, I am an atheist," he said, decisively. He then went on to say that he thought the Church of England the best religion ever invented; it was less disturbing than other forms, and eliminated "so much Christian nonsense." Christianity, he added, was most harmful in its social application.

Belief in immortality was quite unnecessary, he said, for good morals. The Hebrews had a higher code of morals than the Egyptians, and did not allow themselves to be perverted from nonbelief in a future life by Egyptian superstition.

Of certain things published under a pseudonym during his undergraduate days he said he would be very much obliged to me if I would let them rest in oblivion; they were less good than his home-productions because they were written to order, not for pleasure.

Of the reputation which his poems won for him he wrote recently to an American correspondent: "Though it gives me no lively pleasure, it is something like a mattress interposed between me and the hard ground."

Those words were written when life was ceasing to have any comfort for him.

For several years he had persistently declined all the Academic honors offered him by various universities, at home and abroad. The proposal from his own University of Oxford to confer on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters he had twice refused, in 1928 and 1934.

It was about five years ago that he admitted to me another refusal which, till then, he had kept secret. I had for some time felt a brotherly concern that the one honor which I thought he would be willing to accept, the Order of Merit, had not been offered him. Since others were feeling as I did, I broached the question—would he accept it? He replied that he would not, and when, disappointed, I asked why, he said that, though he had always known that it would be offered him if he lived to the age of eighty, he had decided against accepting any honor, and against this particular one because it was not always given to the right persons. He had condoled, he said, with Robert Bridges for having had to receive the honor at the same time as John Galsworthy, whose writing they both disliked, and Bridges had admitted that the circumstance had not given him pleasure.

I suppose I pressed him further, for suddenly he blushed (an unexpected gift which he had retained from the days of his youth) and said:

> Well, as a matter of fact, Mr. Baldwin did write to me not long ago to say that the King was ready to offer it; and I believe it was offered at the same time to Bernard Shaw. But for the reason I have already stated, and because I could not have the trouble of going to be received by the King, I declined. But [he added] I don't want it to be known: it wouldn't be fair to the King.

Who first gave away the secret I do not know. It was only after my brother's death that I found that others knew of it, and that word of it had gone to the press.

Three years ago his health began rapidly to decline, and his walking powers, which all his life had given that quiet companionship of nature which suited him best, had considerably diminished.

Early in January (1936), his condition became so serious that he was not expected to live more than another week; but when term approached, he announced his intention of leaving the Nursing Home, and returning to his rooms to give his lectures. His doctor told him that this was impossible. "It is my duty and my pleasure," he replied, "and I shall do it." At the end of term, writing to a member of the family, he said that he had never lectured better in his life. But the effort sent him back to the Nursing Home, from which he went, at the commencement of the Easter Term, and gave two lectures, sitting down. That was the end.

Over the grave, where his ashes have been laid under the north wall of the parish church at Ludlow, is a tablet bearing these words:

> In Memory of Alfred Edward Housman, M.A. Oxon. Kennedy Professor of Latin and Fellow of Trinity College in the University of Cambridge.
>
> Author of "A Shropshire Lad."
>
> Born 26 March 1859. Died 30 April 1936.
>
> Good night. Ensured release.
> Imperishable peace:
> Have these for yours.

Laurence Housman's autobiography, "The Unexpected Years," is shortly to be published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company. His "Victoria Regina" is now playing a return engagement on the New York stage.

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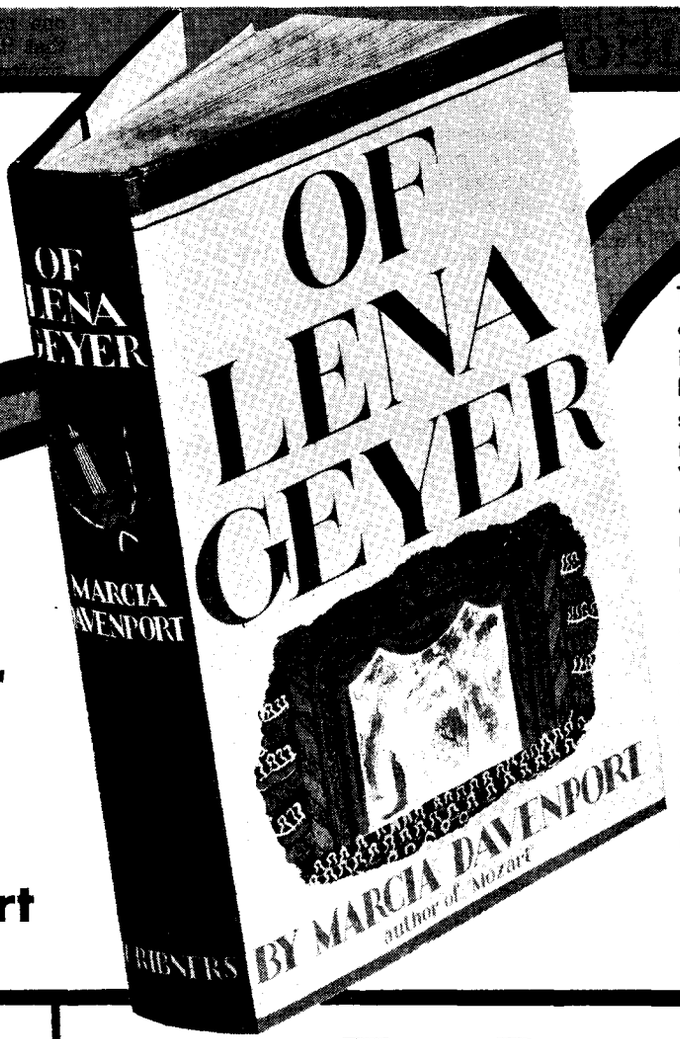
a novel by

Marcia Davenport

author of "Mozart"



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Revolution in France

FRANCE FACES THE FUTURE. By Ralph Fox. New York: International Publishers. 1936. $1.25.

FRANCE TODAY AND THE PEOPLE'S FRONT. By Maurice Thorez. The same. $1.75.

Reviewed by JOHN M. S. ALLISON

IN a recent book entitled "The Intellectual Background of the French Revolution," Daniel Mornet wrote: "Today, intellectually, the next revolution, soon to come, is far more definitely prepared than was the old one in 1789."

This statement represents the opinion of a great many thinking people in France today. Most Frenchmen expect a change, even those who do not desire it. Again, the French mind seems to have become obsessed with that idea of the inevitability of a change. Once before, in the nineteenth century, this phenomenon took place. In the twenties and thirties men like Guizot, Mignet, and Tocqueville taught the inevitability of a revolution in favor of the middle class. Today the sentiment is much the same except that it is now a revolution for the lower middle class, *the fonctionnaires,* the members of the professions, and the proletariat. Such a change is regarded by many as almost a certainty, and, according to the interests of the individual Frenchman, is either desired or feared. And the revolution is prepared—that is undeniable; so much so, in fact, that one might claim that one half of it has arrived.

Later than England and Germany, France has recently experienced a further industrialization and an urban development. It was really not until the necessities of 1914 arose that France completed the cycle of the Industrial Revolution. It was due to war needs that industry increased and that city populations almost doubled. Concurrently the same cause reduced her large and up to then preponderant peasant population. At the close of hostilities one prominent Frenchman proudly and fondly exclaimed of his country: "Our old world still exists." No greater untruth could have been uttered. Much as Frenchmen would come to regret it, the old world could exist no longer supreme and alone. There were now two Frances instead of one, and just as the Union Sacrée had to collapse when the emergency was over, so, alas, traditional France of the provinces, of the small village, and of the industrious peasant had to recognize that a new world had come into being alongside of it.

Neither industry nor agriculture could go along entirely as in the other time. Manufacturing, labor organizations, and agriculture had to accept new standards and new methods if they were to survive. Owing to the reluctance or ignorance of large landed proprietors, agricultural existence became hazardous or profitless; these landlords would not accept new methods and the carefully systematized production which was so necessary, and the result was the discouragement of the peasantry and the small farmer and the appearance of such sentiments as those expressed in books like "La Terre Qui Meurt." Industry, too, could not be run on the same basis of large monopolies, relentless competition, and dictation to the government. These situations plus foreign complications, post-war expenses, and financial crises brought the country face to face with a necessity for change, for reform. But it was a change that many of the old political guard and the higher bourgeoisie have been unable to meet satisfactorily mainly because, so the Radical believes, they have not faced the situation honestly.

"France Faces the Future," by Ralph Fox and "France Today and the People's Front," by Maurice Thorez, Secretary General of the French Communist Party, discuss France and her problem. Both books seek to discredit the capitalist regime, to justify the Communist platform, and to give Monsieur Blum a chance. But once that has been said, the similarities between the two books have been enumerated. Mr. Fox's book is decidedly the inferior of the two. It is given to sweeping generalizations. He would have his readers believe that practically all the peasantry is communist, that the Croix de Feu has no social programme and is merely the tool of the "Modern Feudalism" that is represented by the unreformed Bank of France and the coalitions of large industrialists, and he believes that these men would sell the country to the enemy to preserve their own prestige and privileges. Above all else, he indulges in vituperation. There is not a single one of the old guard who is not corrupt; there is not a single conservative writer in France who is not a fool and a fascist. Obviously the book is written for the consumption of his partisans in England. It will not help Mr. Fox's cause. On the other hand, the book of Monsieur Thorez commands respect even though one may not agree with the principles that it expounds. It is dignified and restrained; the first part, which treats a good deal of the economic and social history and thought of the nineteenth century, is even scholarly. Monsieur Thorez is more fair to his enemies.

The two authors, of course, believe in the eventual success of the movement in France just as firmly as they believe in the success and permanence of the Soviet establishment in Russia. They believe that the present union of socialist and communist under the elegant Monsieur Blum will continue. They are confident that communism will bring peace among the nations. And they seem to believe that practically all of France that is not communist is fascist of one sort or another. But, one asks, has France ever and can France ever continue long in so evenly divided a condition of opinion? And is the country really so evenly divided as the authors of these two books assert? Are the intellectuals united in communism? Has the industrial society accepted all the reforms that Colonel de la Rocque has proposed? In other words, is it possible to classify so easily and accurately public opinion in France today?

Revolution and reaction has always been the course of political development in France, and the fact that now a greater harmony seems to exist on one side or the other may have very little significance. Parties in France have rarely, if ever, been parties in our sense of the word; temporary coalitions of small groups have always maintained that curiously "gothic" structure of thrust and counterthrust which seems to be an essential characteristic of French political life. Has France learned, in the brief space of a dozen years, a new attitude, an attitude which is even antagonistic to that fundamental quality of all Frenchmen — individualism? André Siegfried once wrote: "The Frenchman is an individualist; that is the cause of both his grandeur and his weakness." It matters not whether the regime be fascist or communist; if it comes, individualism must go, and then the bourgeois as well as the *grand* bourgeois, the peasant as well as the large *cultivateur,* must let his independence, his cherished family rule, and his carefully guarded freedom of ideas go. The vision of the provinces led by Paris and a score of industrial towns, of the bourgeois house no longer its owner's castle, and of the peasant herded into a rigid coöperative system is one that seems most improbable to any careful student of French character. It is very doubtful if a Blum, a de la Rocque, or any other leader of the two extremes could break down forever so deeply-rooted a religion of personal character and self-sufficiency as exists in France even today. The country needs reforms and some of them have recently come. Undoubtedly, there are other changes yet to come, and these may entail violence and greater disorders than those that were manifested in February, 1934, and in June, 1936. But there are many people in France and here who doubt that the eventual outcome of this readjustment will be fascism as seen in Germany and Italy, the pallid and uncertain radicalism of Blum, or the rigid and more drastic system of Russia.

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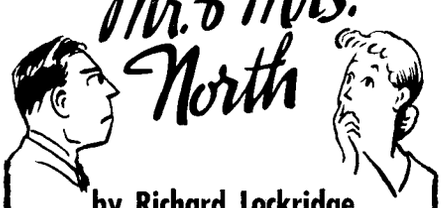
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The New Books

Biography

THE LAST EMPRESS. By Daniele Varè. Doubleday, Doran. 1936. $3.

The life-time of a remarkable woman spans the period during which China passed from a medieval state to a youthful republic and Signor Varè has done well to place within the reach of the reading public a succinct account of her life and times,—an account so objective in its sincerity as to enhance the fantastic nature of the material dealt with.

Yehonala, daughter of a Manchu Bannerman, entered the harem of the "Son of Heaven" and after the birth of her son became Tzu-hsi, Empress of the West, her cousin Sakota being at the same time Tzu-an, Empress of the East. The Son of Heaven died shortly—in 1861 to be exact—and except for short periods of retirement Tzu-hsi ruled the Middle Kingdom from that moment until her death in 1908. Forceful, beautiful; cruel, fascinating; self-reliant, ruthless; all those characteristics and many others were possessed by the great Empress Dowager: the recital of her life is an amazing tale.

Courage she never lacked; Signor Varè relates numerous instances which prove this fact. Although ignorant of this great world she had an uncanny instinct in regard to human nature and was difficult to deceive. It was our privilege to attend the last audience granted by Tzu-hsi to the Legation ladies at the Summer Palace near Peking and from the instant she raised her quick, piercing eyes her personality vitalized the Audience Hall. The Emperor Kuang Hsü, her sad nephew, sat dully beside the main throne, his great brown orbs—one can call them by no other term—fixed on nothingness.

Signor Varè's book is not only the biography of a powerful ruler, it is a pastel glowing in many colors which makes vivid a crisis in world history. Who yet knows where lie the debits and credits of those eventful years when East and West began their merging?

F. A.

THE LAST LANDFALL. By Desmond Malone. Doubleday, Doran. 1936. $2.75.

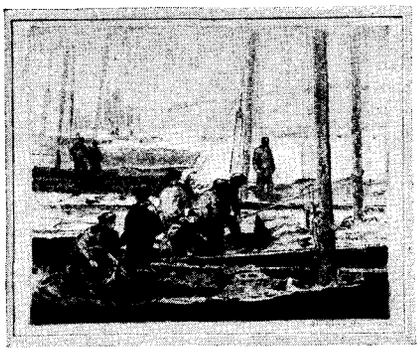
The recently developed liking of the public for autobiographical narratives by authors of no great fame is probably responsible for the manner in which Mr. Malone's account of himself has been received in England, and the hopefulness with which it is launched here. While there are a good many out of the ordinary things in his book, his life is clearly one that all of us might have had and enjoyed, neither on the heights nor in the depths, but active and varied. Malone was the son of an Irish policeman, brought up in cockney London, and educated to enter a monastic order. The fact that he had no true vocation for the priesthood influenced him to go to sea as a wireless operator. No romantic urge for exotic scenes rises from his narrative of many ships, ports, and seamen. The sea was for years a profession for him rather than a lure to adventure, and it is this balanced, sensible viewpoint that lends distinction to the book. An interlude of melodrama followed, however, when the author was captured by a German submarine during the war and forced to spend days aboard her while she lurked

(*Continued on next page*)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BELOW THE CLOCK *T. V. Turner* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	English cabinet official, reading report on budget, drops dead. Detectives Ripple and Petrie scent murder and unravel nasty snarl.	Murder device was used as long ago as Arabian Nights Entertainments. Sleuthing slow and sure—but very slow.	Ho-hum!
THE CRIMSON GODDESS *Elaine Sterne Carrington* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Welcome home party for jungle explorer ends in his murder, suicide, and a strangling—and Dr. Dominy Faire deliberates.	Cutglass Long Island background filled with chest heaving melodramannikins, marital infelicity, Hindu thuggery, and thin detecting.	Lush and lurid
MURDER GOES TO COLLEGE *Kurt Steel*	Violent demise of cardshark and "numbers" playing prof. shatters cloistered college quiet. Blunt Hank Hyer solves gory tangle.	Contains one of the most believable and nasty gangsters in fiction, wry humor, smart talk, shivers, and slick deducing.	*Summa cum laude*
TRENT'S OWN CASE *E. C. Bentley and H. W. Allen* (Knopf: $2.)	Hard hearted old philanthropist shot in back. Young doctor confesses but Trent doubts confession and gets busy.	Not quite up to famous "Last Case" but a literate, closely knit, quietly amusing, and expertly wrought yarn.	Front Rank



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at the bottom of the sea, chased by Allied planes and destroyers dropping depth charges. The book ends with a sane and temperate account of prison-camp life, and a final chapter of remarkable restraint in which the author tells of his discovery that at twenty-six he was afflicted with incurable deafness.

This restraint, under which a Celtic love of beauty nevertheless glows, is the principal characteristic of a remarkable and readable book. Unlike Mr. Sheean, Mr. Farson, and other successful practitioners of this type of personal narrative, the author does not dramatize even the tallest of his tall stories unduly. Lacking many of the journalistic tricks of the trade, he has not sought for significance and vividness where those qualities are not conspicuous, but has been content to observe the things of which he writes with a sensitive and understanding mind. Nor is he afraid to acknowledge fears and failures. Such clear-eyed and well-balanced acceptance of life should be of value at the moment. T. P., Jr.

Fiction

MRS. MEIGS AND MR. CUNNINGHAM. By Elizabeth Corbett. Appleton-Century. 1936. $2.

The inimitable Mrs. Meigs, with whom life is never dull, is with us again. Her "young ideas," her bridge table, her sense of humor, and her family problems we still have, but more than that, we are now confronted with the dashing and gallant Mr. Cunningham, who dines her on oysters and green turtle soup, besieges her with roses and telephone calls, and threatens to remove her from our family circle. Mrs. Meigs is not one to have her head turned by such frivolities and she manages her suitor with a dexterity that would put even her granddaughter to shame. Marriage at eighty-two is just as important as marriage at twenty, and Mrs. Meigs will not have us think otherwise. Spurred on, as always, by evident consternation on the part of her daughters, Mrs. Meigs succeeds in creating a bit of a turmoil in the family by allowing herself to be squired about town by her "Lochinvar." Amid all this, she still finds time to be the understanding confidante of her grandchildren and the one to whom all the family turn in times of trouble. Life, to Mrs. Meigs, is an adventure to be looked upon with a sense of humor.

Miss Corbett has an unusual insight into human nature and emotions, a way of lifting the events of everyday life far above the commonplace, and she writes with an extremely delicate touch. "The Young Mrs. Meigs" in Miss Corbett's first volume charmed us with the assertion of her independence and her tactful solution of family problems. Here we have the delightful experience of watching her with her suitor, Mr. Cunningham. The reader of this book will feel at the end, with Mrs. Meigs, that "Somehow life once more looks very amusing." S. L.

IT'S THE CLIMATE. By Charles Horace Rathbone, Jr. Richard R. Smith. 1936. $2.50.

It must be the climate that has caused so many authors traveling in the tropics to see there only three themes for fiction: native magic, dissolution by drink, and miscegenetic love. Or maybe Somerset Maugham is responsible by writing of these phenomena so convincingly that later writers have seen them through his eyes, though without his vision, just as most painters in Tahiti today are myopic emulators of Paul Gauguin.

These fourteen posthumous stories by Charles Horace Rathbone are better than many others of their sort, for his painter's vision has complemented his none too expert handling of dramatic values. His characters come alive, quickly and solidly; he writes as he must have painted, with bold stroke and movement, portraying and translating the life of the Caribbean islands so that one sweats and gulps and knows that this life he describes, however narrow, is achingly real.

The story of the enamored priest who was the "stooge of God," of Sadie's generous "Five Dollars a Week" accumulating to bring her contempt and tragedy, of the haunted wife in "Tornado," are simple and moving pieces. It is, however, regrettable that this talented young author, like so many of his time, found the tale alone important, and the syntax of its structure to be disdained. H. D.

BIG BLOW. By Theodore Pratt. Little, Brown. 1936. $2.50.

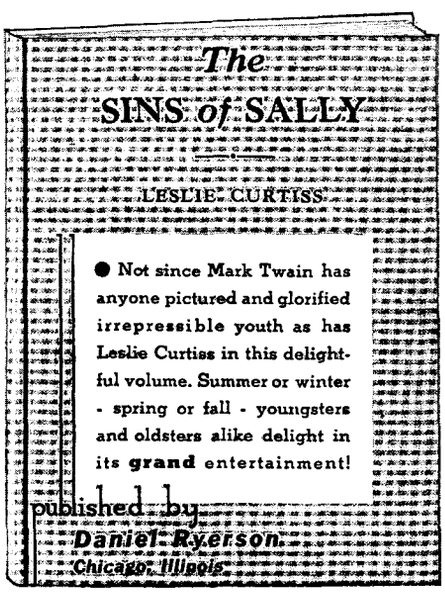
Mr. Pratt writes of a Florida that the tourist does not see, and does not want to see—the inland country north of the Everglades, populated by a marginal residuum of Crackers, where the only crops you can be sure of bringing to harvest are envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. His story of a Nebraska farm boy who bought a few acres there and struggled for a living and a girl against flood, drought, frost, insects, hurricanes, and vicious neighbors suffers, as a story, from predictability; its course can be forecast as accurately as that of what the Weather Bureau calls a tropical disturbance, and the hurricane with which the book closes comes just in the nick of time, killing off all the scoundrels who were about to lynch our hero and his friends, while leaving the good unharmed. Such perfect selectivity would be more gracefully displayed by the United States Marines.

But Mr. Pratt knows his country, and you can read with a good deal of interest his account of the tribulations of a farmer used to a different country; there is also a good minor character in salty old Aunt Jane. On the whole, however, the picture of the country and the people leaves you with the feeling that what this part of Florida needs is more and better hurricanes. E. D.

TARE HARVEST. By Eleanor Peters. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1936. $2.50.

Here is a "first novel" much better than most. The story is the old one of a dominating and ruthless passion for the land. John Guilder has much in common with all power-obsessed pioneers and his family suffered the in-

(*Continued on page* 22)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Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
MEN ARE SUCH FOOLS *Faith Baldwin* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Novel	Wifey works; hubby works. That's swell. Wifey climbs; result—more dough. That's bad. Hubby snags a "Behind-the-eight-ball-complex." That's brutal. Wifey, hubby clinch. That's Jake.	Big Town Tom-Toms
THE SENTENCE OF YOUTH *Nancy Pope* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Novel	Thrice married cinema babe flips the bad news to current mate via the introduction route: Kids—meet the new daddy. Ah, but mate goes for same and thereby hangs the yarn.	Flicker Magic
INTO THE SUNSET *Jackson Gregory* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Western	"And Lucy, snuggling closer, understood and nodded." And Barry had to do some purty shootin' and ridin' to rub out the Laredo Kid before the snugglin' Lucy really understood.	Mountain Dew

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The Clearing House

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Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

IN PRAISE OF IDLENESS. By Bertrand Russell. *Norton.*

MAN THE UNKNOWN. By Alexis Carrel. *Harpers.*

LADY INTO FOX. By David Garnett. *Knopf.*

Scandinavian History

R. M. F. of Winchester, Mass., *asks for "a good history of the Scandinavian countries, or, failing that, a history of Denmark, Sweden, or Norway."*

ROBERT NISBET'S SCANDINAVIA (Bain), which covered the annals of all three countries from 1513 to 1900, laying its principal emphasis on Sweden, seems to be out of print, though since it was regarded as an authoritative work in its day it can doubtless be found on library shelves. There is nothing very recent embracing all three of the Scandinavian lands, so R. M. F. would probably find it advisable to take her information on the instalment plan. She can get DENMARK AND SWEDEN, with ICELAND AND FINLAND thrown in for good measure, in a book by Jón Stefanson which wears the names of all four in its title and which Putnam publishes, and for Norway she can turn to Knut Gjerset's HISTORY OF THE NORWEGIAN PEOPLE (Macmillan). She ought, too, to supplement her reading of past history with Marquis Childs's SWEDEN: THE MIDDLE WAY (Yale University Press), a survey of the coöperative movement which has made such headway in and brought to that country such success in recent years, and with Agnes Rothery's excellent book on the same land.

The American Novel

"Can you recommend," writes P. M. S. of Omaha, Neb., *"a book on the modern American novel comparable to the* MODERN ENGLISH NOVEL, *by Abel Chevalley? I wish to use it in a course to be given to a mixed group."*

Two books instead of one are what P. M. S. needs, both by Carl Van Doren, THE AMERICAN NOVEL, which covers the earlier period of our literary history, and CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN NOVELISTS, which embraces the years 1900-1920. Both are issued by Macmillan.

Monterey Houses

Mrs. A. R. K. of Denver, Colo., *is on the search for any books devoted exclusively to Monterey types of houses.*

My own search through such books as I could lay my hands on having proved fruitless, I called up the Architectural Book Company which publishes a volume by H. P. Staats entitled CALIFORNIA ARCHITECTURE IN SANTA BARBARA on the chance that they might issue a similar one for Monterey, or at least know of some such work. The extremely well-informed gentleman to whom I spoke there said that he felt quite certain that there was no book devoted exclusively to the Monterey section, that a volume (published, I believe, by his organization) entitled SPANISH COLONIAL OR ADOBE ARCHITECTURE IN CALIFORNIA, 1800-1850, would contain certain Monterey buildings, but that if Mrs. A. R. K. wanted lay-outs and designs for the contemporary period he was afraid she would find nothing on it.

Jefferson Biographies

E. G. of Mount Kisco, N. Y., *who has recently made a visit to Monticello and had her interest in Jefferson stimulated by his home, is anxious to have a biography or biographies of the great god of the Democrats recommended to her.*

The very latest biography to have appeared is Claude G. Bowers's JEFFERSON IN POWER (Houghton Mifflin) which takes on where Mr. Bowers's JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON left off and presents a careful and authoritative interpretation of Jefferson's eight years in the Presidency. One of the ablest of the recent biographers of Jefferson is Gilbert Chinard, a Frenchman who with his THOMAS JEFFERSON, THE APOSTLE OF AMERICANISM (Little, Brown), won the commendations of American historians. Albert Jay Nock's JEFFERSON (Harcourt, Brace), which appeared a few years ago, and Meade Minnigerode's JEFFERSON, FRIEND OF FRANCE (Putnam's) are also books which E. G. should consult if she intends to make a careful study. THE DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY (Scribners) contains a long article embodying the results of authoritative scholarship and research, and presents a selected bibliography. Undoubtedly E. G. would enjoy reading Frank J. Wilstach's JEFFERSON AND MONTICELLO (Doubleday, Doran) which, though not a full biography, gives a delightful account of Jefferson at home.

James Branch Cabell

J. E. K. of Chicago, Ill., *is interested in "any articles which might enlighten him on the standing of James Branch Cabell among American novelists" and in securing references to magazine articles on him which have appeared.*

As to the last, if he will consult THE READER'S GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE in any library in his city he will find listed there such articles as have had magazine publication. Some of them are now to be found also in volumes of collected essays. Among these latter volumes I refer J. E. K. to Joseph Warren Beach's THE MEN WHO MAKE OUR NOVELS (University of Chicago Press), Ernest Boyd's PORTRAITS (Doran), Percy H. Boynton's SOME CONTEMPORARY AMERICANS (University of Chicago Press), Henry Seidel Canby's AMERICAN ESTIMATES (Harcourt, Brace), Régis Michaud's THE AMERICAN NOVEL TODAY (Little, Brown), and Carl Van Doren's CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN NOVELISTS (Macmillan).

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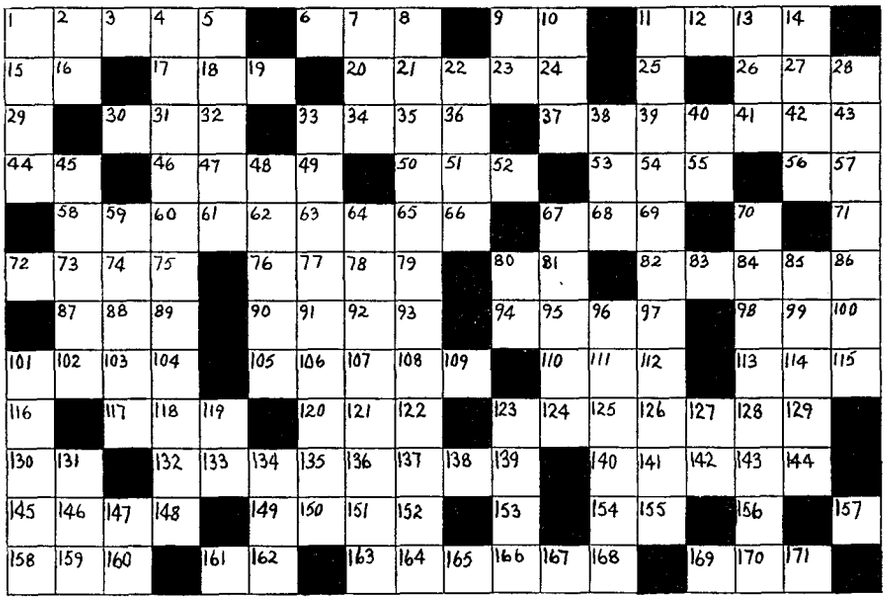
Double-Crostics: No. 130

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS

I. The peanut.

II. Full recognition of worth.

III. Rank nonsense.

IV. To take in excess of one's due (sl.).

V. Character in "Aïda."

VI. Line of light.

VII. Carpet city of Persia.

VIII. Not in the least.

IX. Rising American poet.

X. Fidelity to principle.

XI. One of the Camenae (Roman Myth.).

XII. Bony canines.

XIII. Curved house-aperture (2 wds.).

XIV. Conjoined.

XV. Russian dramatist (1860-1904).

XVI. Paradise (Class. Myth.).

XVII. Queasy.

XVIII. Royal villa in Versailles.

XIX. Rescued by Hercules from sea-monster.

XX. Dutch scholar (1466-1536).

XXI. From a higher to a lower condition.

XXII. To surround entirely.

XXIII. Fraternity.

XXIV. Large weight.

WORDS

78 110 149 85 30 73 16 138

156 145 53 142 79 35 13 27 9 95 114 87

108 51 80 76 67 48 72 92

93 170 163

77 94 50 3 122 6 33

107 54 81

70 116 162 127 26 151 18

168 133 71 144 17 41

118 65 135 74 5

165 141 55 84 8 128 171

68 66 102 52 25 47

49 131 105 14 22 29 143 98

123 62 89 20 136 160 32 43 140

106 112 169 12 125 157 101

69 60 117 126 61 150 158 120 46

24 7 57 115 159 34 155

103 11 44 83 121 56 91 139 36

152 23 64 31 19 161 96

109 97 100 153 10 137 86

167 4 15 45 130 39 104

134 38 90 63 2 154 148 166

59 40 28 124 132 146 82

37 119 164 113 21 42 58 129 147 99 75

1 88 111

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 20)

dignities of all wives and children of tyrants. But there is a refreshing difference between the too familiar farms of New England and our Middle West, and this South American one, with its "checquered leagues of fences" and its "long teams of wagons carrying the wealth of wool and hides to Chubut" and "the bullocks going over the mountain-passes to the Chilean markets." Close to a rushing river, shadowed by giant mountains, this English family grew up thirty leagues from the nearest town, seeing only each other, two or three neighbors, a few despised Chilenos, and the peddling Turcos who once or twice a year came with their packs and spread out their great glittering combs and necklaces on the skins before the fire. The story begins when Marion comes back to the valley from Buenos Aires with her feckless gentleman husband and her children, and we first see the family and are introduced to its ways through the unclouded sensitive eyes of her little Justine. All the characters live, and one or two are exceptionally well drawn. But the main interest of the tale is after all in the colorful pictures we are given of the valley and the patriarchal life of the farm itself, —the sheep-shearing, the branding and the skinning of the cattle, the butter-boiling, the candle-dipping, the sun-cured meats and all the odd-sounding foods.

Living here was a spacious and exhilarating business. It is this communicated sense of aliveness together with her young, passionate awareness of every beauty of the countryside that gives Miss Porter's book its exciting flavor. In the unfolding of her story she shows some of the weaknesses of a new writer. But they are weaknesses experience will easily overcome. We anticipate her next venture with eagerness, confident that it will show her to have mastered her plot as truly as she already has her scene and characterization. M. S. U.

Miscellaneous

TEXAS MISSIONS. Their Romance and Architecture. By Charles Mattoon Brooks. Dallas: Dealey & Lowe. 1936. $2.50.

THE DEVIL IN TEXAS. By Frank Goodwyn. Dallas: Dealey & Lowe. 1936. $2.50.

Mr. Brooks looked at the remains of Texas missions with an architect's eye and a poet's mind, then, with a strong sense of historical value wrote his book, added a glossary of architectural terms and a bibliography; and, for extra good measure gave twenty full page reproductions of careful photographs. The publishers coöperated finely with good paper and excellent type with the result that we have a book for the booklover. The specialized student and art enthusiasts are aware of the archeological treasures in the old missions, but taking things by and large, it is the Alamo only that has won any universal regard because of its historical connotations. That building, however, is the least valuable in the light of Mr. Brooks's ap-

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proval, being "relatively hollow as an artistic heritage." To reveal other artistic heritages has been the author's self appointed work, and he has given us a very attractive volume and a serious contribution to Texas history.

Mr. Goodwyn, who knows his Texas Mexicans, offers the world six rip-roaring devil tales, all of them rare, most of them commendably short, some eerie, all of them with a strong dash of that robustiousness and grotesquery which you may find in those Irish folk stories collected by Yeats. The comic spirit is quite that which animated the writer of the old Moralities and appealed to an audience that found a prodigious amount of joy seeing the devil belabored with a stuffed club till he bellowed for mercy. The author's picture of the life of the plains Mexican is impressively sketched.

C. J. F.

THE STORY OF THE GEMS. By Herbert P. Whitlock. Furman. 1936. $3.50.

This is the best popular book on gems which we have seen. It is written by the curator of minerals and gems at the American Museum of Natural History, and combines in happy fashion the complete mineralogical background of precious and semi-precious stones with enough of the fascinating history of gems to make the book much more than a manual of cuttable stones. There is an appendix with bibliography and tables of hardness and also an opening chapter on the cutting of stones, and very fine illustrations of cut gems—some in color—and of carved jade and other precious stones. This should be an excellent book for the small library since it covers accurately a wide field. H. S. C.

BEFORE THE GREAT SILENCE. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Stokes. 1936. $2.

This book contains brief thoughts, paragraphed in no particular order, the thoughts of a man who considers himself old, thoughts on life and death and many other more or less related topics, especially thoughts concerning the dead who live still in our memories. It has a somewhat lugubrious charm, and a keenness of insight that sometimes approaches profundity. To some readers it will probably have an appeal which will make it a precious possession, though it is not a book for everybody. H. T. C.

MASTERS OF RUSSIAN MUSIC. By M. D. Calvocoressi and Gerald Abraham. Knopf. 1936. $3.75.

The sketches which make up this book give us an excellently written modern biographical manual of Russian music. While the authors concentrated on the biographical aspects of fourteen representative Russian composers, they added some critical remarks concerning their works. These remarks are objective and enlightening, something we do not find often in musical biographies, which are still mostly declarations of faith in a man and his art. "Masters of Russian Music" affords excellent reading with its crisp sentences, well documented and never falling into vagueness or adulation.

P. H. L.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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GREENWICH VILLAGE APARTMENTS, unfurnished, at 92 Grove Street, opposite Sheridan Square Park, for exclusive clientèle, bachelor men, women. Convenient subways, ample sunshine, through ventilation. Elevator, refrigeration, fireplaces, breezy roof-terrace. 2-3-4 rooms, bath. $35-$90. Apply housekeeper.

MANUFACTURER OF TAILORED sports frocks, catering to particular clientèle, wants personal representation. Liberal commissions. Box 465-B.

BACK FROM ENGLAND October first. Correspondence forwarded, offers and inquiries promptly answered until then. Available part or full-time work critical, reviewing, research, publishing, assistant editorial, bookshop, journalistic, secretarial fields. Exceptional references and experience. Box 512-B.

IS THERE IN LOS ANGELES a gentleman 45-60 who would enjoy quiet conversation, walking, music, theatre, occasionally dancing with intelligent, cultured Eastern woman, 44? Gentiles only, please! Box 550-B.

PHILADELPHIA GENTLEMAN, 29, single, desires room, breakfasts, dinners in private home or share apartment with bachelor. Box 551-B.

YOUNG LADY desires interesting correspondence with Manhattanite or Americans in foreign lands. Box 552-B.

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UNUSUAL BOOKS economically supplied by teacher in close touch with Boston book market. State wants. No catalogs. Philip Mendel, 44 Waverly St., Roxbury, Mass.

WILL SOMEONE help fill my empty mail box? Nurse, widow, 38, traveled, now living New York, no ties. Interested in all foreign countries especially the Orient and Far East, also Pacific Coast. Will welcome correspondence from either sex. Box 557-B.

NEW YORKER, middle-aged, unattached, having just read (though "forbidden" reading for men!) "Live Alone and Like It," desires acquaintance of tolerant, alert, charming live-aloner for companionship and mutually stimulating and helpful discussions. Box 558-B.

STENOGRAPHER, SECRETARY, literary and magazine experience, wants work in New York City. Excellent references. Will start immediately. Box 559-B.

JOBLESS after November election, midwestern female, age 25, tall, fair, college grad, not too dull, must have job. Have car and free to travel. No high pressure selling. Prefer something cock-eyed but money necessary. Box 545-B.

IS A YOUNG WOMAN, attractive, cultured, romantic, but "sober," a total loss in New York? She hesitates to retire, considering what some male specimen, with ideals, might miss! Box 546-B.

AREN'T THERE ANY MEN who can write letters with a Christopher Morley touch instead of sending me vital statistics? Persephone.

PERSONALS

"NEVER to have owned a Cocker is a life half-lived." Excellent pups from $40.00. Dr. Jenks, Medical Arts, Montreal.

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IF YOU TAKE MATTERS that matter with a fleck of irony or a speck of humor, let's exchange ideas. Man-Hattan.

JIMMY: Lady with bad memory reached college care student mail after 20th.

NEED FINANCIAL BACKING for really "new" Horse Venture. Excellent possibilities, opportunity for investor who thinks there's no more fun in life. Jacqueline Mitchell, Salisbury, Vermont.

PRACTICAL LADY, well educated, desires position companion or housekeeping. Box 547-B.

VETERAN has material for experienced woman novelist or story writer. Box 548-B.

WRITER, single, wishes caretaker's job in country exchange for living quarters. Reliable. References. Box 549-B.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE Quercus Associates are converging from three directions. Old Q., last to return, gets back next week (advt.). ☞Medium Q. participated in an interesting session at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference in Vermont, where he saw some promising MSS. unveiled. ☞John Farrar the publisher and Sanford Cobb, formerly of the *Publishers' Weekly* and now a Vermont bookseller, were pleasant visitors to the Conference.

☞Just in time to go to press Q. receives the following news item:

> Doubleday, Doran & Company announce with regret the resignation of Frank Henry, sales manager. Mr. Henry has resigned in order to accept the position of Director of Publishing in the New York office of the J. B. Lippincott Company. He will join this firm on or about October 15th. Cedric R. Crowell, a director of Doubleday, Doran, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Henry and will retain, meanwhile, his present position as General Manager of Doubleday, Doran Book Shops, Inc.

☞The Quercuses wish all luck and success to their friends and neighbors, Mr. Henry and Mr. Crowell.

☞The first literary event of the fall took place Monday at the Colony Club when Mrs. Roosevelt read aloud one of Martha Gellhorn's stories from *The Trouble I've Seen* (and to be published by Morrow Sept. 25). The publishers invited a small group of critics and booksellers for high tea to hear the reading. ☞The papers, and Quercus's mail, are full of information about the Federal Theatre's forthcoming production of *It Can't Happen Here*, dramatized by J. C. Moffitt and Sinclair Lewis. An eight-page synopsis is being submitted to Federal Theatre producers in fifteen cities; and "various versions of the famous novel in visual form will be available to meet the requirements of the numerous locales in which the play will be exhibited"—which seems to mean that *It Can't Happen Here* will happen not in Vermont but in every state where the play is produced.

☞Congratulations to Mr. Victor Elving of Cambridge, Mass., who turned in the first correct solution in the Double-Crostic contest at the National Puzzlers' Convention in Boston last week. Mr. Elving wins a year's subscription to the *SRL*.

☞Random notes on vacation reading: a novel that has stuck with us is Stapledon's *Odd John* (Dutton), the story of a young superman. Sounds phoney when described, but is genuinely impressive. The critics who had admired Stapledon's previous *Last and First Men* seemed a bit lukewarm about *Odd John;* Q. is glad he read the latter book first. ☞So far as we know, the first book ever to be written in the form of an extensive book review is H. G. Wells's *Anatomy of Frustration* (Macmillan: published next week). ☞Long an admirer of George Milburn's short stories, Q. agrees with Howard Jones's review of *Catalogue* in last week's issue. But if *Catalogue* isn't up to Milburn's best, it's good reading, partly because the author gets away with some of the funniest slapstick comedy since Mack Sennett.

☞Bert Wolff of H. Wolff Estate, book manufacturers, is back from abroad with some interesting comments on the book trade in Europe. He relates that the National Book Council (London) is producing a film called *Preface to Life* which will depict the making of books from hieroglyphics on brick to the methods of the present. "It will show the author of a travel book making his trip through swamp and jungle, the famous statesman dictating to his secretary in his study, the publisher's reader reading MSS, . . . the paper being selected, the giant presses and folders and all the impressive automatic machinery of bookbinding." The film is to cost about $10,000, raised by contributions from publishers, printers, and others in the trade.

☞The most interesting Harvard Tercentenary picture we've seen is a photograph of the Lampoon board of 1885, showing George Santayana with William Randolph Hearst. It was reproduced in the *Boston Herald's* Tercentenary magazine last Sunday. ☞Book titles are duplicated pretty often, but the title of Robert Hichens's new novel, *The Sixth of October*, presents a curious coincidence. Readers of Jules Romains will remember that this was the title of the first volume of *Men of Good Will*. Singular that two so different authors should have picked the same date out of a possible 365.

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